Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

With a tendency to pry into other people's business, which is a part of us all, newspapers nowadays publish the last will and testament of nearly everyone who dies leaving more than a mere pittance. These wills are queer sort of reading and the larger the amount left, the queerer the document becomes. As a rule men make every possible effort to surround the legacies they leave with every possible condition. Safeguards of every conceivable sort are thought of and tried in order that the legatee may not squander his share. It must be a melancholy business for a man who devotes himself to moneymaking to sit down and divide up his substance in this way. The weaknesses of all those to whom he devises his property array themselves before him and his mind must suffer the torments of deciding whether his wife is strong enough to protect herself against greedy children, if she is likely to marry again and be crazy enough to let her second husband handle her wealth. He has to take into consideration John's weakness for liquor and William's proneness to invest in games of chance; every folly attributable to his daughter's husband, every trick developed by those to whom he intends to leave a dollar comes to him as he sits down and declares that he, "being of sound body and mind now makes this his last will and testament." What a poor empty world it must seem to him as he makes these deliberate preparations to leave it and all that he hath, to take that long and dreaded journey to a far country that he knows not of and from which he cannot return to see how his trustees manage his estate. One may imagine that at this hour of fateful calculation all the struggles that he has made to obtain wealth, all the sacrifices of happiness, comfort, possibly of principle he has made in order to amass money appear in view. He thinks of the hours and opportunities forever past when by using a little of that which he is preparing to leave he might have made others happy and heard himself called blessed. He wonders, perchance, whether in striving to obtain enough to keep his widow and orphans from the temptations of poverty he is not leaving them exposed to the temptations of wealth. Cruellest sting of all, the bitterest drop in the human cup, is the thought "Shall I be remembered for all that I have done, for the years that I have slaved, or for the sins I have committed, for the good things I have left undone? When those to whom I leave my wealth are enjoying it will they ever say 'Poor old father, had it not been for him these comforts would not have been ours.'" Men shrewd enough to enrich themselves know the ways of this ungrateful world too well to imagine that any vast amount of gratitude is to be expected from those who see no favors in prospect. Remembering the common result of bequeathing fortunes, litigation, family quarrels, efforts to prove the insanity of the testator and the wasting of the patrimony come like spectres to haunt the mind of one who prepares for the inevitable.

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When we read the codicils of some of these extraordinary documents, what evidence is at hand of the fears which rend the soul of the ones who write, or cause to be written, these symptoms of how a mind may be softened by affection and racked by fears, how the offences, the weakness of a legatee so impress the testator day by day that in desperation he writes a codicil to his will guarding against that which is dreaded. Then, again, some other torturing thought arises, haunts the mind through nights devoid of ease and days of careful calculation until another codicil makes another footprint of care in the business man's farewell to earth and its transitory triumphs. Again and again this happens, new wills are written and old ones burned, new codicils are penned, new weaknesses observed and again the flames feed upon the written thoughts of one upon whom care has fed. The leaving of money is probably the crucifixion of the money grabber; it is the hour of agony when every miserly impulse, every greedy thought, every selfish instinct brings retribution to one who has lived without regard to his fellows and prepares to die and be forgotten by the ones he loves. None of the flames in the most fiery of faded hells can be more burning than the miseries of the misers who thus bow to the judges of the probate court and cry, "We who are about to die salute you."

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It might be well for men who are robbing themselves of the things best worth living for to take in consideration the desolate hours when the last will and testament is the subject of consideration—a lawyer one's assistant, the past an agonizing memory, the future a still more bitter torture. When we are trying to make money we do things without a tremor which will be horrible to us then. Worse still, the richer we become the more numerous these accusing spirits must become and as we see how unnecessary cruelty and selfishness were, the more racking must be the ache of the heart corrupted by and corroding in its own sin.

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How few people know how to live and enjoy themselves, how few believe that they can get rich without becoming robbers, how many become robbers without becoming rich, how often people change the sum which they think it necessary to acquire in order to be safe from poverty and able to enjoy plenty. I can cheerfully confess to having changed it four times and to have quadrupled the amount I first fixed, yet I have not now enough to much more than keep me out of the poor house. One's habits of spending money have more to do with the sense of having enough than the amount possessed can ever have. I can appreciate this phase of it, but a true conception is impossible of the feeling which leads the millionaire miser to dread poverty and to avoid it by methods such as but few of the absolutely poor ever use to escape it. Possibly the hardness of the man's nature, the pitiless manner in which he has oppressed others, the cold ear that he has turned to every tale of misfortune make him feel that if such a misery ever comes to him, his fellow man will be deaf to his cries and as heedless of his wants as he has been of the sufferings and petitions of others.

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How much is enough? What sum should be sufficient to the average family which hopes to live in plenty if not in modest luxury? The average workingman, the mechanic who has great difficulty in saving the smallest portion of his wages no doubt looks forward to an old age in which a dollar a day shall save him from want. How few of them have the poor assurance of even this amount, yet we wonder at labor organizing itself! Scarcely, indeed, have they enough for to-day without any assurance of something for the morrow. The clerk, the commercial slave, for how much can he hope if he does not rise above his eight or ten dollars a week? The farmer, he has his piece of land and the rheumatism, but he, at least while he keeps the deed in his own name, will have shelter and food. The professional classes we must all know have no great number of prizes. The upper few get the big fees, the lower among them can barely keep body and soul together and live in the style which they imagine their position demands. Eighty-five per cent. of them would take a pension of a thousand dollars a year and be glad. Merchants, speculators, the successful few seldom hope to reach the millions. A hundred thousand dollars is a high figure to fix, a figure, if we consult the last wills and testaments which we look for when they die, we shall find is seldom reached. Yet a hundred thousand dollars funded cannot bring an income of more than five or six thousand a year, a sum which exceeds the available earnings of the majority of business men. This at least I consider ample riches, the means, the possibility of travel, education and content—as far as money can insure content—for even a large family, if economy be practiced. The impossibility of acquiring this amount may stagger the average reader, and yet it is but putting in figures the hopes that so many entertain of being able some day to do all the things for which such an income is necessary.

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As a matter of fact the most successful business and professional men have an income vastly larger than all their worldly possessions put together would earn. There are lawyers in this city who make fifteen and twenty and twenty-five thousand dollars a year, who, if they died to-morrow, could not bequeath an income of a quarter of that amount to their children. Many business men are living at the rate of ten thousand dollars a year, who, if they died, could not leave two thousand dollars a year to their heirs. Oddly enough, too, there are men with a comparatively small income who carry so much life insurance that they are worth more in dollars dead than alive. Isn't it all a strange performance, a curious medley, how we live and reckon to live up to the point where we begin to reckon on dying, and how little, how very little there is in it except the good of it. The good of life is the beautiful, and yet there is but little beauty that we should desire it.

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There are some men whose ideas of independence and fairness are so impracticable and irritating that they, with their judicial attitude, become an actual nuisance in the community. No publicist or official of any sort escapes their criticism, yet they never can be relied upon to enter vigorously into any campaign to effect a reform. Nothing that is proposed suits them. No matter what suggestion is made in a public meeting or private gathering, they will get up and pull it to pieces and after taking it apart forget to put it together again or to tell those assembled what ought to be done. Worse still, when the crisis comes they are nearly always found clinging to the old abuse as preferable to anything that has been proposed! Some of these men are exceedingly proud of their fair-mindedness and wonder how other men can be taken up with a "fad." They themselves can never be seized with enthusiasm and despise others who, believing that one reform is all that can ordinarily be accomplished at a time, endeavor to educate the people on a special line in order that a special object may be attained. The "faddist" is worth a half a hundred of these sixteen-sided fellows. I do not argue that the one who sees and talks all round a subject and finds objections and dangers no matter where he looks, is dishonest or ignorant. As a rule his chief trouble is egotism. He is proud to show people that he can see every side of a question and it gives him pleasure to prove that everybody he meets is wrong. No matter what reform is under discussion he is willing to argue that the existing state of affairs is a shocking abuse, or if he meets someone else he is equally ready to demonstrate that the proposed reform is an absurdity.

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The enthusiastic man is sometimes a nuisance, but in nine cases out of ten he furnishes the steam for keeping the world in motion, for advancing civilization, correcting abuses, honoring the living and erecting monuments to the dead. There are dozens of things that only need to be suggested and with an enthusiast to push them, can be made successful. Then give us the crank, the faddist, the boomster, anything but the man who will chew a subject into mincemeat and finally spit it out because he has convinced himself that it is unfit to swallow. They are like those who sit down to a well supplied table and to use the old-fashioned expression, "taste and mess over their victuals" until they ruin the appetite of those who came there to eat. At breakfast let any one after breaking the shell of his egg begin to smell and taste it, then push it away from him, and all appetite for eggs will disappear from that board. No matter how fresh and appetizing the joint may be, let any smart Aleck discover that there is something wrong with it and push his plate from him, everyone else will feel suspicious. In discussing necessary reforms it is these tasters and smellers, people who have eaten everything and know so much, who destroy the enthusiasm of others and take away the appetites of healthy people who could easily be induced to act like healthful and level-headed men should.

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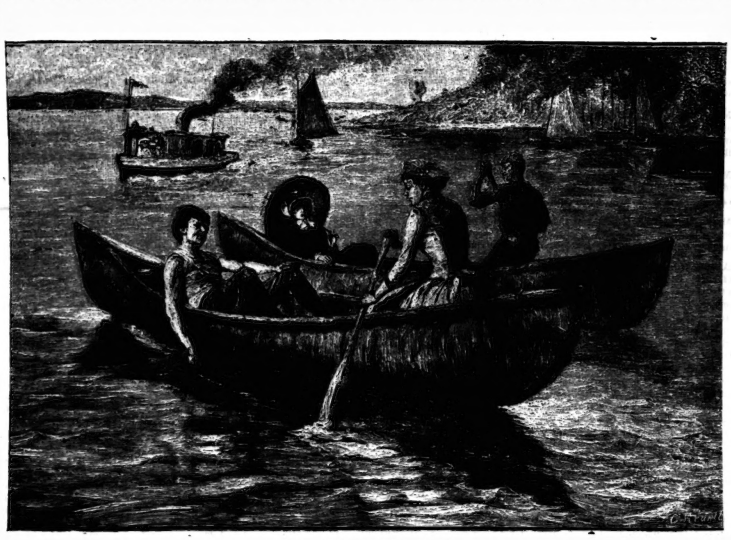

AT THE ISLAND.

The first intimation I had of Sir Hector Langevin's resignation was when I saw the fact set forth in four words in the show window of a newspaper office Tuesday morning. Pausing, two gentlemen walking parallel with me paused also, possibly hoping to stare a little more information from the brief bulletin. "I presume he had to resign," said one. "Of course," replied the other, "they forced him to resign—no doubt about that." This idea was probably the first to occur to the great majority of Toronto people on hearing that the Minister of Public Works had resigned. People will form opinions, and it takes a powerful amount of logic and evidence to dislodge a man's darling idea. Sir Hector may or may not have been forced to resign, but for him to retain his portfolio had become an impossibility. The machinery connecting his department with the public treasury would refuse to work, and the electorate would make vicious slashes at him in every bye-election and hit the Government wherein he found shelter. Give as wide an acceptance as you can to his defence, and you still have indisputable proof that he slept while his department was being plundered. He denies that the plunderers put him to sleep at their pleasure. If his official somnolence was occasioned by advancing years and not by the effects of some golden opiate, his resignation has still been unfortunately slow in arriving though his name be untarnished. The man who is held guilty by the people of a comparatively small offence like neglect of duty and suspected by the people of a great offence like complicity in swindling, can promote acquittal of the suspected offence by showing due penitence for the proven one. Sir Hector Langevin as a private member, acknowledging that his subordinates outwitted him as minister, will secure a favorable hearing in defending his honor as best he can. It was necessary to appoint an Ontario man to administer the Public Works Department just now, and Hon. Frank Smith was a fortunate choice. His appointment will satisfy the various aspirants for the office, for he cannot in the nature of things be expected to permanently hold so arduous a position. More than that, Frank Smith was always vigorous and observed the strict letter of honesty.

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There is an evident desire to draw Mercier across the path and permit Langevin to quietly evade the pursuing furies. It is unfortunate for the Reform party and for the country that Mercier is so admirably adapted and convenient a herring—unfortunate for the party because it is thrown on the defensive in what so far has been an aggressive struggle; unfortunate for the country, because if corruption is equally marked in the two political parties the investigations will end in nothing but mutual recriminations. There will be an exchange of prisoners and blackguard epithets. The political morality of the country will be incalculably injured—for there is considerable political morality in the country to this day, did the antiquarian but know where to find it. The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* tells the Englishman that never did such corruption exist among free people as is now the case in Canada. The Englishman no doubt sees us all as severally afflicted with moral boils and other sores, when in fact we are a pretty well toned people but for a few conspicuous exceptions. Pall Mall may not realize how easily the funds of a democratic country may be turned to corrupt account, nor how speedily pure methods may be again restored. It is in the continued tolerance of corrupt government that popular corruption is manifested. One thing that oppresses me greatly is the truth that it is my French fellow-countryman who is doing nearly all this boodling. I would like to clasp my French brother to my bosom as one whose patriotism rhymes with mine; as one who would strive with me to give our common country a place among the nations of the earth. But I must confess that, with the minutes of the Ottawa investigation before me, I am inclined to forego the embrace unless I can secure the inquisitive hands of my French brother securely in mine. When you come to reflect upon it you find that many of them have the most unsavory reputations owing to their inveterate habit of stealing public money, and their invariable fortune of being found out. They may retort that the English speaking public man excels only in the adroit concealment of his pilferings, but if this be so, I demand that our French brethren either perfect their methods or quit stealing altogether. It is intensely aggravating to know that your pocket has been picked by a clumsy fool with a woollen muffler tied about his ears, and woollen mitts on his big fists. There is an indirect reflection upon your own activity when such a man empties your pocket and has not enough horse sense to conceal his booty from the neighbors.

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But there should be no stealings, adroit nor clumsy. Good people must be dissatisfied with the mean calm that has all along pervaded the House through these disclosures, and in that calm there is some justification for the harsh judgments of outsiders. I would like to see Premier Abbott jump to his feet, shake himself like an angry lion and without ceremony put to flight the small flock of vultures that have been rending the country under shadow of the sleepy Government. There should be more noise, more indignation, more frequent explosions of just anger. On the whole, justice may be better served by a deliberate judicial enquiry than by the prompt fury that moves a lynching party, and the comparatively noiseless proceedings at Ottawa may result satisfactorily, but there should be more fuss and fewer feathers. In view of the charges against Tories at Ottawa and against Grits at Quebec, I think there are many who would look more confidently to the result if Sir John Thompson and Hon. Edward Blake were leaders of the respective parties; not that Premier Abbott and Mr. Laurier are considered other than honorable men, but because Messrs. Thompson and Blake are supposed to have the strength to impart their own honor to those beneath them. Moreover, a French-Canadian more or less would not possess the same value in Sir John's eyes that they possibly have in Mr. Abbott's, nor would Mercier be so vital to Mr. Blake's plans as he is to Mr. Laurier's. Any possible sin committed by Mercier, the Grit, cannot constitute a legitimate set-off for a sin committed by Langevin, the Tory. It may perchance create a balance between the parties, but nothing is atoned, and the country has two rascals to dispose of instead of one. There must be no exchange of prisoners whose heads are equally forfeit to justice.

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I have already given it as my opinion that the man who, through his own shortcomings, contributes to the number of the world's paupers cannot surely be held guiltless, however closely he may follow the letter of religious laws. His failings and failures occasion no end of misery and crime, and he is the cause of these evil effects. He cannot escape responsibility unless we admit him to be, shall I say, a victim of a designing providence that compels him to forget to put a plug in the coal oil barrel until its contents are wasted; that prompts him to sign notes for rascally strangers; that causes him to carelessly leave a lantern where a horse can kick it over and set fire to the barn. I cannot believe that the Almighty would harass a well-meaning man at every turn, causing him to sleep late and miss the train or loiter along the roadside and be behind time at his work; nor can argument convince me that He would conspire to get an artisan sacked for incompetence, or a laborer for laziness. If an employee who is entrusted with an important errand follows a circus procession and is discharged for neglect of duty, it does not seem to me that that circumstance was arranged for at the creation. The man who fails to be useful and neglects to provide for those who properly look to him for worldly provision, commits a social nuisance for which he should be called to account. I have reverted to the topic because much was left unsaid. Why should a father who is perfectly useless as a provider, an instructor or a guardian be paid the same filial duty as one who discharges his parental obligations affectionately and with good results? A child that grows amid hard knocks and constant hunger, who survives maltreatment and neglect through an accidental strength of constitution, who escapes being vicious as it escapes being killed by lightning, by some indefinable chance—what filial duty does this child owe a parent? Here starts a new life, a career, a family, owed and owing nothing save to itself. This may seem cold and uncharitable, so I will temper it with the admission that if the child shows affection it is a beautiful feature of character, but under the circumstances love is not a payment, it is a gift—it is not a duty but a lovely choice. The lives of children should not be left in legal possession of cruel, neglectful or vicious parents. The state should exercise a guardianship not only over the fatherless, but over the poorly fathered. It should interpose between the cruel man and the infants whom he would mould into dangerous and exaggerated images of himself. It should rescue

from the neglectful man the infants who are sure to become indoctrinated with his laziness and beggary; it should redeem from the foul control of the vicious man the infants whom he would train up in vice. It is an admitted privilege of governments to refuse landing to foreigners who are likely to become burdens upon the state. The same preventative wisdom should protect the state from home-grown burdens. It is a crime to steal, but a thief is permitted to rear thieves. Vicious parents are allowed to bring up children in a vicious atmosphere, and when they become of age we step in with our juries and our retributive justice and hang them for murder. The plan is recommended by its simplicity—a trial, a sentence, a select party some morning at daylight, a chaplain, a prayer, an autopsy, and then we turn to the trial of the next one and see him dropped into the funnel. The process is simple and quite satisfactory so far as each successive criminal is concerned, but it does not lessen the frequency of murder. It deals only with the finished article. The state allows a man to keep his family in dire want, but it promptly arrests them if they beg and imprisons them if they steal. The state arrives on the scene too late. It steps in to punish, not to prevent. Sometime and somewhere a lawmaker will arise who will consider the state high guardian, and make it a conscientious one, of all those born in the land, and decide who are trustworthy trainers of the young.

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It is drawing around to the time of year when the city papers will feel called upon to speak with studied respect of "our country cousins." There is a growing idea out along the concessions that about two weeks before the Toronto exhibition the managing editors of the different papers call the reporters into line and sternly enjoin them on pain of dismissal to say no unkind or flippant word about our good friend the farmer. Of course this is a mere notion, for the papers do not pursue so deliberate a programme. It is nevertheless a fad that the farmer finds himself referred to as our honest country cousin during fair time; as the backbone of the country during election time and as a slouchy old hayseed at all other times. The past eighteen months has seen the farmer treated with a continuous spell of respect. When at the commencement of that period the approach of the Provincial elections caused him to be carefully adjusted into position as backbone of the country, he little thought that he would hold it so long. But the Dominion elections hovered in the middle distance and he was not disturbed. These being over, he would have been unceremoniously reduced to the status of a slouchy old hayseed, but that the Government majority was small and both political parties were uncertain what might turn up. The farmer has therefore been treated in print with an uncommonly respectful air so that no radical change of tone is necessary just now in the interests of the exhibition. Still the papers will coo in the most seductive way and the editor will rejoice when the streets fill. In truth, the farmer cares not a rap for all the cooing that artful stool-pigeons of the exhibition can do. He comes to the fair to see everything, to meet friends and learn what he may, not to be patted on the back and have city praise squirted in his ear. As a rule he comes for something, secures it and pays no more than its value. It is an impertinent reflection on the knowledge and anatomy of a farmer for the bootblack to double the price of a "shine" during the fair, and I have no doubt thousands of our country cousins allow their boots to remain muddy in protest against this urchin impudence. One might as well say a man's a man as say a farmer's a farmer, for there are all kinds of farmers as there are all sorts and conditions of men. They will be all in at the fair. The knowing one, who has the names of the streets down pat, has been here before, and acts as guide and marvel-tamer for those from his neighborhood; who can point out the mayor and other celebrities in the crowd—he will be here, for without him the fair would simply curl up and die. Following him about will be his homely neighbor who is surprised at every mortal thing he sees and is not ashamed to show it in his bulging eyes and stupendous exclamations of wonder—the fair would be half useless if he were to miss it. Then comes the bashful, diffident man who hesitates to stop a street car for fear it would be wrong, who loses his way and walks about for hours until he finds it again rather than delay anyone in the rushing crowd with his enquiries—God bless his honest soul!—he has in reserve the moral probity that buoys up the human race. His simple goodness can grow only where wild flowers and native forests are, and when city blood becomes adulterated and moral laws are treated as repealable statutes, his sons and daughters come to give the blood new vigor and correct a sluggish, weak morality. The fair will also be visited by the young man who is ambitious to be arrested, so that his escapade will become a nine days' wonder along the concessions. The hired man will come and wander about, disconsolate and miserable, and return home with wonderful stories of what he witnessed, and how he outwitted various sharpers who insanely thought to "play it" on him. But the great bulk of the farmers who will be here will be men of hard sense and practical ideas. They are men who do not skim through a daily paper and may not know much about the latest strike in Pennsylvania or the new murder sensation in New York, but though they read less they gain more information from their reading than the average of city people. They can talk on any solid subject with a force that, had they daily papers to report them, would make their names familiar to the public ear. The human race was produced on the farm, it is largely agricultural still, and from the farm the noblest men and women come or there live usefully and die content. ZEKE.

Social and Personal.

Miss Florence Macdonell of Lindsay is enjoying a portion of her holidays with Major Henry A. Gray's family at 151 Sherbourne street. She is a talented organist and pianist, and yesterday morning (Friday) played the organ at the special service in St. Michael's cathedral.

Mr. David McGee, ex-manager of the C. L. C. Company, has returned from a delightful trip around the world.

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Mr. Hostetter of St. Catharines was in Toronto for a short visit.

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Messrs. A. A. Drummond and J. H. Hyland of the Standard Bank are away on their vacation.

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Mr. A. W. Macdonald and family are at Clevelands, Muskoka.

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Mrs. Stephen Jarvis has returned to the city.

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Among Muskoka's summer visitors are Mr. and Mrs. McKay, Mr. B. P. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Ellis of Montreal, Miss Grassick, Miss Archer, Mr. Rose, Dr. R. Sanson, Mr. J. Sanson, Dr. and Mrs. Dallas of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. Russell Baldwin, Mrs. and Miss Macdougall, Mrs. and Miss Davies.

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Mrs. Dick and Miss Hilary are summering in Muskoka.

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Miss Baby Smith is spending a couple of weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Alfred Smith of Idylwyld, Muskoka.

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Mr. W. H. C. Meyer, Wingham's clever Q. C., was in town this week.

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Miss Lilly Healey of Huron street, Toronto, is the guest of Miss A. McGlennon, Chestnut Lawn, Colborne.

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Mrs. W. F. Gitty of North street is at Idlewood Cottage, Muskoka, the guest of Mrs. J. D. Barnett.

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Miss Susie Barnett has returned from Muskoka after an absence of two months.

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Mr. Richard L. Denison has gone to Calgary and the North-West for a five weeks' trip.

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Mr. Alfred Wright of the London and Lancashire has gone to Winnipeg and South Manitoba for a summer holiday.

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Messrs. H. H. Sherrard, Alfred Jephcott, James Dobbs and Sandy Pringle have been canoeing on the Rideau for ten days.

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Mr. Percy G. Scholfield, manager of the Standard Bank, Brussels, Ont., is in town.

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Miss Hasket of Seaton street has just returned from a visit to Lakeview Cottage, Muskoka, where she was the guest of Mrs. Henry Westman of Toronto.

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Miss Maggie Cozzens is at Cedar Island Camp, Lake Couchiching, the summer residence of her uncle, Mr. J. B. Thompson.

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Mrs. Cozzens of Foxley street, with her son and youngest daughter, left the city on Monday last to spend three or four weeks at Belleville.

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Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Cosgrave and Mr. and Mrs. William Clarke have returned from an enjoyable trip on the s.s. Campana.

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Miss Cosgrave and Miss Tessie Clarke are in Rochester and will spend the remainder of the month in Port Hope.

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A short time since the choir of Christ church, Reformed Episcopal, College street, Toronto, on the invitation of Mr. F. P. Birley, one of the energetic members of the choir committee and whose present residence is Lorne Park, to a picnic, left the city per steamer Carmona and returned by train at 10 p.m. As is the custom every Tuesday evening at this fashionable resort, a concert or entertainment is provided in the concert room attached to the Louise Hotel, and the above choir kindly supplied the music on this occasion, assisted by Mlle. Strauss, Miss Pridham and Mrs. Hutchinson. Messrs. Smedley and Young gave mandolin and guitar selections. Mr. W. H. Thorneloe, the organist and choirmaster of Christ church, ably performed the accompaniments and acted as conductor.

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The following are amongst the arrivals at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, P.Q., Canada: Mrs. L. Davis, Mr. H. W. Lumell, Mrs. David Seath, Miss E. Seath, Mr. Percy Seath, Miss Pearl Seath, Miss Kate Seath of Montreal, Miss Daisy Roberts of Jamaica, W.I., Mr. H. T. Perrault, Mrs. J. J. Taylor, Miss Gladys Taylor of Montreal, Mr. J. H. Rockwell of New York, Mr. Hugh Skinner, Mr. H. H. Henshaw, Mr. Fred Henshaw, Mr. Montague Cavendish, Mr. R. Y. Hebden, Mr. J. T. Allan, Mrs. Archibald and son, Miss Carrie Grier of Montreal, Miss Maggie Bullins of Aubrey, P.Q., Mrs. H. R. Watson, Miss M. Henderson, Mr. C. Murlett, Mr. Armytage Rhodes of Montreal, Mr. J. W. Grier, Miss Calder of Ste. Anne, Mr. W. F. S. Story of Montreal, Mr. J. G. Leith of Quebec, Rev. G. H. Butler of Chambly, Rev. G. D. Harris of La Have, N.S., Mr. H. M. Lumell of Montreal, Mr. W. Roch of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Waeke, Mr. H. H. Henshaw, Mr. G. H. MacPherry, Mr. W. H. Williams, Miss Mulurgens, Miss MacGullury, Mr. H. Carter, Mr. C. J. Chisholm, Mr. D. L. Blush, Mr. E. Heuser, Mr. T. Mesmer, Mr. A. Rhodes, Mr. J. T. Allan, Mr. M. Cavindish, Mr. H. L. Rutman, Mr. C. E. Colson, Mr. M. F. McDiarmid, Mr. J. Payneau of Montreal.

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A good many Torontonians are at Old Orchard Beach. At a ball at the Old Orchard House were: Mrs. Matthews, in black net and moire and diamond ornaments; Miss E. Gooderham, black velvet, black lace and diamonds; Miss Josie Gooderham, pink *crepe de chene* with steel ornament and pink roses in her hair: Miss Edith Kerr of Cobourg, pink silk and pearls, bouquet of water lilies; Miss Dora Gooderham, white silk and rubies; Miss Gertrude Leadley, pale blue silk, white roses; Miss Eva Gooderham, white India silk and lace, diamond ornaments and flowers; Mrs. Percy Beatty, costume of old rose pink, with silver trimmings, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Time of Chatham, white faille silk *en train*, gold ornaments.

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A tennis tournament was also held, which culminated in an international match between the two champions on each side. Miss Eva Gooderham and Mr. C. W. Kerr won the prize for the Canadians, and a local paper remarks: "Miss Eva Gooderham is a first-class tennis player, serving and returning equal to the power of any gentleman. Mr. C. W. Kerr gave a very good exhibition of smashing at the net. Mr. Kerr and Miss Gooderham have the honor of winning the first prize in the mixed doubles, and deserve great credit for their success, as they met strong players throughout." Mr. Alfred Gooderham, Mr. Robert Gooderham, Mr. Henry Gooderham, Mr. Gates, Mr. Kavanaugh and Mr. Beattie were among the spectators; and Mrs. Cronyn, Mrs. Robt. Gooderham, Mrs. Greenshields, Miss Gleason, Miss Dowling, Miss Sawyer, Miss Cassels, Miss Delorimier, Miss Dora Gooderham, Miss Leadley, Miss Walker, Miss Whittaker and the Misses Gooderham among the many interested lady spectators.

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Never did the wide beach before the Old Orchard bathing house present a more animated appearance than when the swimming race arranged between some of the leading ladies of the hotels took place. Miss Gleason suggested the idea of a match and it was at once hailed with delight. Mr. Beatty, Mr. Chick and other gentlemen took it in charge, a large sum of money was raised for prizes, entries were made and Messrs. McShine, Hannaford and Gooderham were appointed judges of the race. The distance was 100 yards. The beach was lined with a gay assemblage of the best people here, each person encouraging his favorite and anxious that she should win, while it is rumored that a large number of bets were placed upon the lovely contestants by the young gentlemen present. As the young ladies came out of the bathing house and down to the beach preparatory to entering the water, they presented a beautiful sight in their pretty costumes. Sixteen fair swimmers had entered for the race, and ten of these appeared on the scene ready for the contest. Miss Gleason of Boston looked unusually charming in a lovely black bathing costume, sleeveless, the short skirt embroidered with white silk; white silk sash and black head gear. Miss Edith Kerr of Cobourg wore a pretty suit of black, trimmed with double row of red silk with collar and red hose. Miss Hannaford appeared in an effective bathing costume consisting of a dark blue skirt, blue waist trimmed with red embroidery, short sleeves. Miss Sprague looked well in a dark blue suit with white embroidery on neck, sleeves and skirt, black and white hose, a very effective bathing costume. Miss Birkett-Jones was the object of much admiration in a tasty dark blue costume with a pointed skirt braided in white. Mrs. Craig, a lady whose swimming ability is well known, wore a pretty black sleeveless costume with red cap and tie. Miss Brown, always lovely, wore an elegant sleeveless costume of dark blue braided in white, sailor collar, red bathing cap. Miss Dora Gooderham of Toronto, who has one of the very prettiest faces and figures seen in the surf here, wore a dark blue suit braided in white, short sleeves, high sailor collar. Miss Hamilton of Toronto, another lovely bather, wore a pretty bathing suit of dark blue with red trimmings. Miss Harper was one of the loveliest figures on the beach in a handsome bathing costume of blue, daintily trimmed. These were the ten beautiful young nereids who entered the water, which was a trifle rough for racing, and awaited the starting signal. The excitement was intense upon the shore, and when the starter had once dropped the red handkerchief and the swimmers were under way, the enthusiasm could not be restrained. It was a very pretty race, close and exciting. Now one young lady was ahead, now she is passed by another. All were very graceful swimmers and each did her best to win the prize, but some, of necessity, had to be beaten. None knew who would win until the race was over, and the judges announced that Mrs. Craig was the winner of the first prize, Miss Gleason of the second, and Miss Sprague of the third. The others, all of whom are fine swimmers, were a little behind these three leaders, but their reputation did not lose anything by this spirited struggle in the water.

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Mr. T. A. Proctor spent last week in Muskoka, the guest of Mr. Worthington at his summer home, Beach Point Cottage, Lake Rosseau.

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The Misses Brownjohn are in Chicago.

•

Miss Nan Campbell of Seaforth is spending a few weeks in the city, the guest of Mrs. Rutherford, 280 Jarvis street.

•

In St. Luke's Church, at the corner of St. Joseph and St. Vincent streets, a pretty wedding occurred on Wednesday last, the contracting parties being Mr. Arthur Jukes, son of Dr. Jukes, chief surgeon of the N. W. M. P. at Regina, and Maud, eldest daughter of Shivers Birchall of Toronto. The bride, to whom a certain amount of celebrity is attached for her beauty and charms, well sustained her character and looked lovely in softest white silk and chantilly lace, with the conventional veil, orange blossoms and jessamine and carrying in her hand a bunch of white roses. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Langtry, assisted by Rev. Dr. Davies, uncle of the bride, who was given away by her father. Mr. D. S. Crombie of Cobourg supported the groom, while the Misses Louise Birchall and Magdalene King were the bridesmaids. They were simply dressed in white fancy striped muslin, made with cross ribbons of white silk, and carried clusters of pink roses. The wedding procession to the altar was headed by Miss Alleyne Birchall, the little niece of the bride, as maid of honor, in a short frock of white Swiss muslin and three-cornered hat, surmounted by ostrich feathers like the other bridesmaids. After the ceremony the immediate relatives returned to the house of Mr. Birchall on St. Vincent street where a light lunch was partaken of and congratulations were offered and received till the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Jukes, on the Montreal boat at two o'clock. The honeymoon will be spent in Quebec, and consists of a trip on the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers. Among those assembled at the church to witness the ceremony were Mr. and Mrs. Shivers Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsett Birchall, Mrs. Henry John Bolton, Mrs. Charles Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Marshall of St. Catharines, Miss Gamble, Mr. Philip Todd, Mr. and Miss Bunting, Mr. Langtry, Miss Birchall and Miss Merritt of St. Catharines, Dr. King of Port Colborne.

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Mr. A. D. McLean of the Merchants' Bank has gone to Gananoque.

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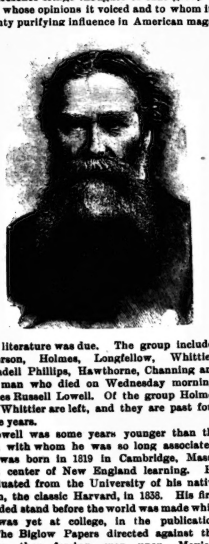
Oakville seems to have come to the fore as a favorite summer resort. Its natural beauty is a great attraction which many Toronto people seem to admire, as we noticed among those summering there Mr. and Mrs. Edward Amber and family, Miss Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Buckner and child, Mrs. W. H. Cross, children and maid, Mrs. L. Percival and family, Mr. and Mrs. Hyles of London, Eng., Capt. Stevenson of Bath, Eng., and others.

The late James Russell Lowell.

On my table as I write lies an old magazine which I bought uncut for the insignificant sum of two cents. It is the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1858, and the fifth number published. Its presence brings thoughts of that group of men whose opinions it voiced and to whom its mighty purifying influence in American maga-



zine literature was due. The group includes Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Wendell Phillips, Hawthorne, Channing and the man who died on Wednesday morning, James Russell Lowell. Of the group Holmes and Whittier are left, and they are past four score years.

Lowell was some years younger than the men with whom he was so long associated. He was born in 1819 in Cambridge, Mass., that center of New England learning. He graduated from the University of his native town, the classic Harvard, in 1838. His first decided stand before the world was made while he was yet at college, in the publication of The Biglow Papers directed against the party then forcing war upon Mexico. These papers are broad, virile satires in Yankee dialect, the most striking political writings of that time. The humor is delightful and the sarcasm most keen. Howells has pronounced their character drawing to be the earliest fine realism done by an American author. For the next twenty years he devoted himself to travel and scholarly research and held the professorship in modern languages and *Belles lettres* at Harvard University, in which position he succeeded Longfellow, and he early identified himself with the abolition movement. In November, 1857, under his editorial direction was brought out the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. From the first issue its influence on American literature was strong. The other magazines of the time had been admitting inferior matter into their pages, but *Atlantic* set a high standard, a standard the excellence of which is spoken of even in the English magazines of the time. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, published in its first numbers, was alone sufficient to give the magazine its fame, and it is undoubtedly due to Lowell's able editing of *The Atlantic* that American magazines of the present time have reached such perfection of literary excellence. Lowell subsequently edited the *North American Review*, and from time to time his volumes of essays appeared and always had a successful sale. As a literary essayist he is delightful, and his best known volumes, Among My Books and My Study Windows, are familiar to many readers. As a political essayist he was keen and far-seeing, and when, under the Garfield administration, he became minister to England, although the most distinctly patriotic American minister ever at the Court of St. James, among the English people he was decidedly the most popular of modern Americans. As a poet he is sweet and strong, and after Whitman and Longfellow is esteemed the greatest of American poets. He died at his native town of Cambridge, on the banks of the Charles, a river beloved of Longfellow, Holmes and many other famous men. He himself would, in his unaffected simplicity, desire no finer tribute than the following lines from his own sonnet on the death of his friend, Jeffries Wyman:

The wisest man could ask no more of Fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
Safe from the many, honored by the few;
To counsel as taught in world, or church or state,
But in vardly in secret to be great,
To feel mysterious Nature ever new;
To touch, if not to grasp, her endless clue
And learn by each discovery how to wait.

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Between You and Me.

SEEMS to me that architecture is indisputably a work for women if one may judge by the success which almost invariably crowns their serious efforts in that direction. Planning a house is the most fascinating work imaginable, but a little knowledge is, particularly in this case, a dangerous thing. I remember once when I was suffering from a depressing and dangerous illness, my wise and far-seeing physician began one day to talk to me about house building, remarking that he fancied I would be an ingenious house planner. As I lay helpless the idea worked in my brain, until some days later I referred to it again and asked him for pencil, rule and paper. I can't tell you how many convalescent hours were absorbed in that house planning. He started me with a frontage of twenty-five feet and insisted on ten good rooms, and to quote an apposite saying, he builded better than he knew. Bay windows came and went, smoking rooms wandered from basement to attic, my boudoir had no rest for the sole of its foot, or rather fifteen feet. At last I was satisfied and proudly displayed my neat plans and watched in little apprehension of aught but praise. The good man's eyes twinkled and he looked at me at first in surprise and then in mirthful delight. "Very nice indeed," he said cordially, "but—are—the stairs to go *outside*?" And when I realized my awful omission I arose and rent my papers into shreds, and for ever renounced architecture.

•

There has gone up in an American city a double house, the building of which attracted a good many citizens and caused many a sneer and smile. It was built by a woman, on a tiny corner lot, which from its odd triangular shape and extremely diminutive size, lay long unoccupied. It was all frontage and not much of that, hemmed in to a point in the rear by high buildings and its side roadway. I clip the account of her ingenuity which is worthy of a gold medal. "Taking advantage of the law of the district, which permits three foot extensions over footpaths, she has added to the available space by expanding the structures above the ground floor by three storeys of bay windows continuous all round, save on the side adjacent to the next building. In this way the number of square feet on each of these floors is about doubled, and one of the houses is made rather a commodious structure. But the other one, which caps the apex of the angle, is simply a marvel. The space on the ground is just about big enough to accommodate a small furnace and one ton of coal, but above it is so expanded by the means referred to as to include nine very comfortable and comparatively spacious apartments, besides a bathroom. The walls are scarcely more than frames for the big windows, so that the whole affair is like one great bay window itself. The kitchen is on the fourth floor, and on the roof conveniences are supplied for drying clothes, because, of course, there is no yard. On the outside of the house a dumb waiter runs up the four storeys from the ground to the kitchen, so that the butcher, the grocer and the baker can stop in the alley, put their goods aboard and shoot them skyward by pulling a rope. For the purposes of any one who has only a few pounds to spend on a lot, it would seem an admirable architectural scheme." What rather struck me was the admirableness of the by-law.

•

They are in a bad way in London society just now, not on account of scandals or extravagance or horse racing, or even baccarat playing. No; they are short of men. I think there is something pathetic in the remarks of a society paper that at the Duchess of Westminster's last ball, several smart women, unable to find partners of the sterner sex, danced with each other; and the innovation is likely to become popular, especially where the charms of the couple are of a decided contrast, such as that presented on the occasion referred to by those of Lady Hilda Douglas and Lady Sybil St. Clair-Erskine.

•

There is a new guild started in London called the Guild of the Mission of St. Cecilia, and its object is to play tunes on "muted" violins to soothe the sufferers who are willing and able to hire the musicians. From midnight to seven a. m., it will cost them double fees, but who would mind that? Think of the fun for the rest of the household when those muffed protests from pussy's insides steal through the silent hall. I hope no disturbed sleeper will awake so rattled as to throw his boot jack at the choir of the Guild of St. Cecilia and shout, "S'eat you brute"—as is the manner of men.

•

Girls, how many of you have got a silk petticoat? And aren't they lovely to wear? I saw one of our American visitors with a dove-colored cloth traveling dress, and dove-colored shoes, all too good for this dirty world; and when her dainty dove-colored gloves gathered up her smooth skirts there was disclosed the loveliest rich mauve silk petticoat, with three tiny pinked ruffles. I thanked her in my heart for dressing so sweetly and giving me such a pretty picture to write about.

•

A sort of mathematical rival to Blind Tom has appeared way down in Texas. A scientific journal thus records the discovery of this precocity: "Two little colored children were reciting the multiplication table at their home, in a little cabin in Texas, as they had repeatedly done before, and one of them asserted that four times twelve was fifty-eight, whereupon a thirteen months old baby, Oscar Moore, who had never spoken before, corrected the error by exclaiming, 'Four times twelve are forty-eight!' There was consternation in that humble home until the family became reconciled to the freak. Oscar was born in Waco, Texas, in 1885; his father is an emancipated slave; his mother is a mulatto. He was born blind; the other senses are unusually acute; his memory is the most remarkable peculiarity. When less than two years of age he would recite all he heard his sister read while conning her lessons. He sings and counts in different languages, has mastered an appalling array of statistics, and is greatly attracted by music." One who reads this account would be apt to express scornful incredulity, were it not that we know by experience that such abnormal intellects do sometimes appear among us, like the meteors and comets of the starry skies.

•

One old gentleman in an educational center in England has my sincere sympathy! He is a clergyman—not very sweet-tempered, and has such an antipathy to perambulators, which wipe off their wheels on his coat tails and bruise his shins, that he has instituted a crusade against them, for which now and then he pays a fine in the police court. It is another case of Dickens' immortal Miss Betsey Trotwood and her cry of "Janet, *donkeys!*" only the irascible parson chases the nurse girls and the perambulators himself, armed with a clerical umbrella, and as the naughty newspaper acquits him of neglecting his parochial duties by disclosing the fact that his parish has no church and only two parishioners, I think his present course is more than justifiable. Isn't he very comical, all the same?

•

Some time ago a correspondent wrote asking for a list of French novels suitable for a young girl to read. As about the only one I had then read which I could call immaculate, was the pathetic little story "Soeur Philomene," I called upon my good friends, the readers of this column, to help me out. "Fauvette" sent me a charming list, and as another correspondent has written for it and asks me to publish it, I again relieve the overcrowded Correspondence Column—at the expense of this one—and append Fauvette's list: O. A. Feuillet—Histoire de Sibylle, Monsieur de Camors; Paul Feval—La Duchesse de Nemours, Le Chateau de Velours; R. de Navery—Patira, suivi du Tresor de l'abbaye et de Jean Canada, La Fille Sauvage, Les Parias de Paris; Mlle Z. Fleuriot—Une Parisienne Sous la Foudre, Deux Bijoux, Miss Ideal et Mes Heritages; Mme. Aug. Craven—Le Val Briant, Anne Severin, Fleurange; Mme. de Segur—Apres la Pluie le Beau Temps, Un Bon Petit Diable, Quel Amour d'Enfant; A. Daudet—Le Petit Chose, Contes Cholsis. LADY GAY.

Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

The Nation of the Dead.

For Saturday Night.

A REVERIE.

A human skull I found
Turned by the passing plow
Out of the grassy mound
Where wandering fables grow.

What can his nation be?
In shape the Indian head,
But what is that to me?
His nation is the dead.

Grand confederation,
Which owns no country's name,
Men from every nation
There meet and meet the same.

In life of varied passions
Now stilled in endless sleep,
Where Nature's varied fashions
Are buried dark and deep.

Past death's gloomy portals
The slave shall there be free;
Fade the grades of mortals
In immortality.

KAY LEE.

A Pat Retort.

In a crowded American tavern a judge and an Irishman were obliged to occupy the same room.

"Now Pat," said the judge, "you would have had to stay a long time in Ireland before you would have slept with a judge."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Pat, "an' your honor would have had to stay a long time in Ireland afore you'd been a judge."

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Figured China Silks, 25c.
Figured Pongor Silks, 45c.
Plain Pongor Silks, 25c.
Washing Silks, 25c.
Colored Satin Merv, 35c.
Colored Failles, 75c.
Black Satin Merv, 37½c.
Black Moire, 40c.
Black Gros Grain, 55c.
Black Surahs, 50c. to $1.50.

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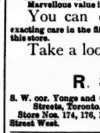
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Legal Items.

A Gotha lawyer once threw a peasant out of doors because he did not wish to take up his case. He afterwards sent him a bill of two marks "for his trouble." Another, on receiving the present of a hare from one of his clients, wrote to thank him and then charged four marks for the letter. On the Hamburg Exchange a stranger once asked a lawyer: "Is this ducat worth 10 shillings?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer, as he put the coin in his pocket and took out 3s. 4d. "Here's your change; 6s. 8d. is my regular consultation fee, you know."—*Wiegende Blatter.*

Poor Mother Earth.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the world the other day as she wiped the perspiration off the North American Continent with a point lace cloud. "Did any one ever have so much trouble with a sun before?"

Tell the Truth, Etc.

He was a candidate for Parliament and a limb of the law. Whilst canvassing he was treated to the following:

Mr. Candidate (knocking at the door where the wife appears)—Is your husband in?

Wife—No, sir; but I know what you want. My husband is sure to vote for you, because you got him off for stealing that gun.

Candidate—No, no; alleged stealing of the gun.

Wife—Alleged be bothered! We've got the gun in the house now.

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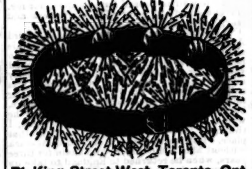
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Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
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By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XVI.

MR. BRUDNELL'S ADVICE.

There were very few family solicitors in London of higher standing than Mr. John Brudnell and Sons, Bedford row. The names on the piles of tin boxes which lined his private office from floor to ceiling were most of them familiar by their greatness, and never failed to inspire awe in the minds of a casual caller or a fresh client. On one of the largest and most prominent of these was painted in large letters the name of the Earl of Harrowdean. Mr. Brudnell, his father, and before him his grandfather, had managed successfully and carefully the affairs of the Alceston family, and Mr. Brudnell himself had been admitted to terms almost of intimacy with the deceased peer. Consequently the lawyer was by no means surprised on his arrival at the office at ten o'clock on the morning following Lord Alceston's interview with his mother, to be told that the young Earl of Harrowdean was waiting to see him in his private room.

If he was not surprised, Mr. Brudnell seemed by no means eager for the impending interview. not by any means so eager as a family lawyer usually is to receive for the first time a visit from the recent inheritor of a great name and estates. He stepped slowly back into the street and dismissed the little vehicle brought into which had brought him from his luxurious little villa at St. John's Wood, and then, instead of immediately re-entering the office, he strolled for a minute or two slowly up and down the pavement with downcast eyes and with his hands folded behind him. He was a man of tall and commanding presence, and with nothing about his personality, at all events, of the typical lawyer. But none the less he enjoyed a great reputation in legal circles for shrewdness and acumen, and the confidence of his clients in his advice was most flattering. Many a younger son had lived to bless the day when he had cut the Jews and taken the conventional but safe course of consulting the family solicitor, and many a long-standing family feud had been healed up for ever by the exercise of his kindly tact and persuasive manner. But though Mr. Brudnell was a man of the world, and was possessed of an almost unlimited experience in the management of his clients, for once in his lifetime he felt in a quandary. Of course there were a hundred matters on which the Earl of Harrowdean might have come to consult him—but suppose he should be that! How was he to get out of it? What explanations or the answers could he possibly give? At best he could cut but a poor figure, unless he lied, and strange though it may appear, notwithstanding his profession, Mr. Brudnell never permitted himself to deviate from the strict truth. He had often anticipated some such interview as this, but although he liked always to be prepared for any emergency, he had never been able to formulate any satisfactory scheme for dealing with it. As he stood reflecting, for the last time on the steps of his office he could see only one course to take, and it was by no means a pleasant one. It might lose him his post as legal adviser to the Alceston family, but there was no other course open to him, he decided, as he thoughtfully twirled his long gray moustaches the last time, and then turned into the office.

Lord Alceston was walking impatiently up and down his private room when he entered it. At the sound of the opening door he stopped short and turned round.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Brudnell. I'm as early a visitor you see."

"Very glad to see you, Lord Alceston, at any time," the lawyer answered drawing off his gloves. "Won't you sit down! You'll find that easy chair comfortable."

Lord Alceston took it and sat for a moment or two in silence, watching Mr. Brudnell while he carefully hung up his overcoat and hat, and put the gardenia which he drew from his button hole into a little vase filled with fresh water. Then he took a chair in front of his table and turning round on it faced his client.

"You have come to have a talk about the property of course, my lord," he began. "There is a good deal about which I should like your opinion and instructions. The long leases on the Clanavon estate for instance—"

"I did not come to talk about the estate or anything to do with it," Lord Alceston interrupted. "My errand is a totally different one."

The lawyer looked into the pale, almost desperate face of the young peer, and knew that what he feared was coming. But he did nothing to make the task easier for his client. He sat in absolute silence for several minutes and waited for the inevitable.

"What I came to see you about," Lord Alceston commenced slowly, "has reference to my father's private affairs."

"I thought so," groaned the lawyer to himself.

"Naturally after I had recovered a little from the first horror of his murder, the first thing which occurred to me was a strong desire that the man who had committed this hideous deed should be found and punished. I felt, and I feel now that I shall never rest until the rope is around the neck of the villain who committed that brutal murder. You are a man, and can scarcely wonder at this I think, Mr. Brudnell."

Mr. Brudnell acknowledged gravely that the feeling was a natural one, and then looked away from the keen flashing eyes which were fixed upon him, with a little sigh and a presentiment of approaching trouble.

"Mr. Brudnell, I loved my father. Vengeance may be a most unchristian-like sentiment, but it is a very natural one. It has laid hold of me, has laid hold of me so completely that every other feeling seems swept away before it. I have sworn that the man who killed my father must die."

"Every one must hope that the police will succeed in their quest, and that the wretch will expiate his crime on the scaffold," murmured the lawyer sententiously. "I was at Scotland Yard yesterday making inquiries, and they seemed hopeful."

"D——Scotland Yard!" said Lord Alceston impatiently, for the lawyer's tone was cold as the mention of the place had irritated him. "I never expected that Scotland Yard would do any good."

"Then how, may I ask, did you hope that the murderer would be discovered?" Mr. Brudnell inquired.

"I meant to track him down myself," the young man answered fiercely. "Ay, and I mean so still. But before I had been able to take my first step even, I receive—what has been a great shock to me."

Mr. Brudnell said nothing, but waited for Lord Alceston to proceed. His face was generally impassive as a face could be, but at that moment he felt it hard to conceal the apprehension which was drawing in upon him. Lord Alceston, watching him closely, saw it, and it made him the more eager.

"It is suggested to me, Mr. Brudnell, I will not say by whom, or how, that there was in his my father's past life some secret which would afford the clue to his murder. It is further suggested that about this secret there may be something at least of guilt, something of which at any rate the world would not hold him guiltless. I am told that this hideous crime may be the vengeance of some injured man, and that if I prosecute my search for him, I may drag into life some disgraceful story of the past which will bring shame upon my father's memory. As though in support of this, I am told a circumstance which happened on the night of his murder, which if generally known would at least cause scandal, and for that reason I am bidden, I am implored, to let the whole matter rest, and to let the murderer go in peace."

"If there be any truth in the suggestions of which you speak, my lord," the lawyer remarked in a low tone, "the advice was good."

"But do you think that I believe in this—this—"

"The very best men have sometimes sinned in the days of their youth," Mr. Brudnell interrupted him.

"True, and if my father ever did so, I will not be his judge. But before I let his murder remain unavenged, I must know more—I must hear something more than suggestions."

There was a short silence. Seeing that the lawyer was not disposed to break it, Lord Alceston arose, and moving to the opposite side of the writing table, stood facing him.

"Mr. Brudnell, listen to me! If there is anything in my father's life which he kept concealed from the world, you are the one man who would know it. You know that I am not here out of mere idle curiosity. If anything lies depended upon it, I would scorn the idea of needless prying into his secrets. But what has happened alters all that. It is my duty to ask, and yours to tell anything which can throw light upon this. I ask you a plain question, Mr. Brudnell, give me a plain answer. Have you any reason to believe that in following out my search for my father's murderer, I run any risk of bringing to light anything which had better be kept secret?"

The lawyer did not hesitate for a moment. He looked straight into the pale anxious face bending over towards his, and answered him.

"I have."

"My God!"

Lord Alceston took a quick step backward, as though he had received a blow. He had seemed to be prepared for some such avowal, and yet, now that it had come, it came as a shock to him. No man had ever seemed to him so near perfection as his own father. He was not given to hero worship, or he would certainly have made a hero of him. Courteous and brave, gentle and dignified, almost an ascetic himself in his manner of life, yet always charitable and never censorious, a finished courtier and a gentleman, all these he knew his father to have been. And now he was to believe that beneath all this there had been an inner life, and that the ghosts of former sins had risen there with their tombs and wrought out a swift and terrible vengeance.

"You must tell me all about it," he said slowly. "I must know all."

"I cannot," the lawyer said.

"But I tell you that I will know," cried Lord Alceston, fiercely. "I will hear the whole story, and I will judge for myself of the risk I run of bringing it all to light, if I carry on the search for his murderer. Do you think that my vengeance can die so easily—can fade away at two words from you? I must know all."

"Never from me," said the lawyer.

"Then the shame be upon you," cried Lord Alceston bitterly, "if I do unhelped, for I shall follow this thing out to the bitter end."

The lawyer rose to his feet and held up his hand. for Lord Alceston had caught up his hat as though about to depart.

"Sit down, my lord," he said, "and I will tell you what I may."

CHAPTER XVII.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST.

"I daresay you know," Mr. Brudnell commenced, "that your father had a long minority. He was an orphan at six years old, and until he came of age I saw very little of him. And then, however, he came to see me frequently, and although I was rather young at the time, he honored me, I believe, with his full confidence. When he was twenty-two years old he left England, on leave from his regiment for a year's travel. It was soon afterwards that his troubles began.

"At first he wrote to me occasionally, but very soon he left off doing so, and I had no news of him for some time, except through his bankers. About a year after his departure I was sent for in great haste by the manager of the bank. From him I learnt that your father had already overdrawn his account very considerably, and that afternoon another draft for a large amount had been presented by the agents of a foreign bank. What were they to do? Of course I authorized the payment of the draft, but I wrote to your father that night, pointing out the position of affairs. By return I got a peremptory demand for a further large sum, to obtain which I had to sell out a quantity of very well-invested stock. I heard nothing then—"

"Forgive my interrupting you; but where was my father at this time?" asked Lord Alceston.

Mr. Brudnell shook his head.

"That is just one of the things which I may not tell you. To proceed, I heard nothing more from your father for a month, and then news came to me in a startling manner. I had some friends dining with me one night, when word was brought into me that a man wished to see me for a moment who would take no denial, and who seemed greatly agitated. I made some excuse to my guests for a moment. In the little waiting room I found waiting for me, travel-stained and with every excitement and fear, Neillson, your father's servant.

"I cannot tell you why he sought me, Lord Alceston. I can only tell you this—that his news was such that I left my house within an hour and traveled night and day till I reached your father. I was unsuccessful in my journey and nothing intended I could do could induce him to do. He was mad at that time, I think, or he would not have stayed in that place. But he did, and I had to come back without him. I did not see him again for three years, when he returned to England to take up his commission in the army. Very soon afterwards he was married."

"What you have told me is the husk without the kernel. I want to know where my father was during his mysterious absence from England and what was the danger from which you saved him. Do you mean that you will tell me no more?"

"I do, Lord Alceston. In this very room, I gave your father my solemn promise that no word of it should ever pass my lips. I cannot think that you will urge me to break a promise which should surely be considered sacred to the dead."

"No, I cannot urge it," Lord Alceston admitted. "And yet, if he could have foreseen anything like this happening—it makes things all different."

"My lord," said Mr. Brudnell, "I was not myself wholly in your father's confidence. But judging from what I do know, I should say that it makes no difference. My opinion is that he would rather his murder remained unavenged than that that page of his history should be read out to the world in the avenging of it."

"That I shall try to judge for myself," said Lord Alceston, "for I shall try to find out what was written on that page. Then I shall use my judgment."

Mr. Brudnell shook his head. "It will be a sad waste of time, my lord."

"I am young, and I can spare it. I must do something in this. I cannot sit down in idleness."

"You have my advice, Lord Alceston, the advice of an old man, and a man of the world, and one, too, who has the additional advantage of knowing far more about the matter than you do. Let the matter rest as it is. You can do your father no possible good by seeking his murderer. Revenge is only a sentiment, and it is certainly not a noble sentiment."

"I do not seek revenge, Mr. Brudnell," said Lord Alceston, rising and drawing on his gloves, "I seek justice."

"It may be, my lord, that that has already been dealt out," replied Mr. Brudnell, also rising.

"What, in my father's death! Do you mean that that was an act of justice? Do you mean an—"

The lawyer laid his hand upon the young man's arm and checked him.

"Nay, my lord, I did not mean that. Have you ever thought what must be the state of mind of a murderer? Though he be a very devil there must be moments of fear, of remorse. A man's sin carries with it always its own punishment."

"It may be so, Mr. Brudnell. I hope that it is so. But I did not come here to discuss abstract questions of morality. As to the course I intend to pursue, my mind is quite made up. Good morning."

"Good morning, my lord."

Mr. Brudnell attended his distinguished client to the outer door, and then returned to his private room. There was a pile of business waiting for him, and his head clerk was impatient for his instructions for the day. But Mr. Brudnell put them all off for awhile, and shutting down the lid of his roll top sat down in front of his table with a troubled look in his face. He had an odd habit sometimes, when he was perplexed, of talking to himself, and he found himself doing so now.

"I must see Lady Alceston at once," he said softly. "Perhaps she knows. I know there is nothing at Gravenoore place, for I searched every drawer of the cabinet. If he has not destroyed them they are at Clanavon. I ought to have insisted upon seeing them. One always thinks of these things when it is too late. Perhaps I had better go down there. Yes, that will be best. Let me see, to-day is Tuesday, I cannot go to day; and to-morrow Lord Fligrave's case is on. It must be Thursday."

He took up a book of engagements, and crossing out several already entered, wrote "Clanavon" across the space opposite Thursday. Then he rang for his head clerk and announced himself ready for the day's business.

(To be Continued.)

The Missionary's Find.

Sir Dawson Jukes, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., etc., had been a great African traveler. A fragment of the globe, quite perceptible on the large map, is dotted with his name and those of people, mostly ladies, whom he delighted to honor. There is Lake Honorable Matilda, an inland sea, pleasingly connected with Lake Lucy Jane by the noble river Jukes; when Sir Dawson married the former lady, and the latter, his sister, acted as bridesmaid, this association was recognized as a very graceful attention.

Sir Dawson made a very good thing of his travels, one way and another; and on marrying the Honorable Matilda Pennytrack he retired from the business. The Pennytracks are held devout even among devout Scotch families, and Matilda was the devoutest maiden of them all. It was her influence, they say, which converted Sir Dawson; but he took up the new line with his habitual energy and completeness. The precious moments which worldly lovers waste in trifling or quarreling were employed by these two in projecting the establishment of a mission in Lake Honorable Matilda.

Sir Dawson insisted that every one belonging to the mission should be a "gentleman." One young man only was admitted who did not come up to his notion—the Rev. Angus Macalister. He had been among the earliest to apply: a graduate, something of a scholar, fairly presentable in manners, and a protégé of the Pennytracks, who begged Lady Jukes to interpose. She declined, though her husband's objection was as incomprehensible to her as to others. He said that the Rev. Angus was indiscreet—of which there was not a particle of evidence—and too full of zeal—as if that could be a disadvantage for a missionary! At the last moment, however, one of the accepted drew back, and Sir Dawson gave way.

So the mission got under way, and there was every reason to think it would be as successful as all other missions. Very nice letters were received and published. The garden-seeds contributed by a sympathetic nurseryman came up so splendidly that, in the joy of his innocent heart, he affixed a testimonial from the Rev. Angus to his trade circular. So did all the other pious souls who had furnished tents, boats, iron chapel, canned meats, and what not at cost price. Everything was satisfactory. While the missionaries were learning the language, they distributed provisions and clothes and things. No doubt, when the recipients came to understand what was expected of them, they would eagerly embrace the gospel.

But the state of affairs was not quite so pleasing at home. It appeared to Lady Jukes that her husband was losing interest in the blessed work. Sir Dawson became remiss in his spiritual exercises. It was all very disturbing. And then, one day, when her ladyship was speaking of the mission, he said, distinctly, "D——n the mission!" She paused, summoning her reason to dispute with Sir Dawson over this incredible utterance; and just then the butler entered. "A telegram from Hafrica, my lady," said he. It had become usual now, alas! to hand such communications over to the mistress. She tore it open.

"Rev. Blair, Honorable Matilda, to Sir Dawson Jukes. Macalister just started for home with Wattabhama, daughter Chief Rumanpouda. Tried stop him. Vain."

"What can this mean, Dawson? Why, you look—you look scared."

"Do I?" he laughed; "I feel only puzzled. The idea that occurs to me at present is that Macalister has run away with a black girl. Very scandalous! We will keep it to ourselves as long as possible. No; let us not discuss the matter, please. They will be here by next mail." So her ladyship—a good woman, if dull and hard—devoured her agitation in silence for a month. But she observed that Sir Dawson's spirits rose from that hour, whatever the mystery might be.

The vessel arrived, and among its passengers were "the Rev. Angus Macalister and Miss Wattabhama." The shameless man did not even conceal his name! But nothing followed. He dared not report himself, thought Lady Matilda.

The fact is that Sir Dawson had been waiting on the quay. Unobserved himself, he saw the missionary come ashore with a tall woman so closely veiled that only those who saw her from the back could recognize the grace. A superb creature! The unregenerate Old Adam asserted itself so strongly in Sir Dawson Jukes that he contrasted those fine proportions, that smoothly rolling walk, with the genteel attenuation of Lady Matilda.

Macalister put her into a cab and was about to follow. Sir Dawson drew him aside sharply. "Let us have a word here, sir," he said. "Drive to the New Hotel."

"As you please," in two cabs they went thither, and when Miss Wattabhama had been deposited in a private room, the men met.

"I don't ask any explanations," Sir Dawson began. "You have acted like a mischievous fool, as I know you would if you found an opportunity, and I pass that. Now, you expect me to deny that I married this girl, and to plead, besides, that the marriage was not legal. Anyway, there will be a tremendous scandal. But your calculation is wrong on one point—you will not be a disinterested avenger of morality. If I lose my case, I shall instantly bring an action for divorce, and I shall make the Rev. Angus Macalister co-respondent."

"I defy your malignity, you wicked man! I have treated this poor African as a sister. Upon discovering your shameful treatment of her, I spent my last shilling in——I persuaded Chief Rumanpouda to intrust her to me, and I have brought her here to confound her betrayer."

"Yes, I said I would explain for you. You spent your last shilling in buying my wife; that's how Rumanpouda understands it, and the young woman, also. If you doubt me, let us go and ask her." He rang the bell.

"Oh, what a consummate villain! If it were not for my cloth, sir, I would——"

"If it were not for the police, sir, I would—that is, I'd break your neck and throw you out of the window. Take us to the young lady's room, waiter."

The Rev. Angus knew his own rectitude, and assured himself that the truth must prevail. Pale, but confident, he followed.

Miss Wattabhama had taken off her boots and some other things, and was squatted in an arm-chair at the window. She rose hastily, leered at Sir Dawson as an old friend, and prostrated herself full length to embrace the missionary's boots. A superb creature, indeed, to one who had lost his prejudice about the color of the skin, like Sir Dawson. The Old Adam seized him again.

"Are you satisfied now?" he asked, cheerfully.

"That's a formal salutation—mere politeness."

"Therefore she did not honor her lawful husband with it, eh! Very well!" And then he began talking to the Malakloko dialect, much too fast for poor Angus to follow. Wattabhama assented emphatically from time to time.

"There!" said Sir Dawson, at length. "She has told me the truth—at least, she'll swear to it before every court in Christendom. You are just as much married to Miss Macalister as ever I was—that is, the lady says so. Don't rave, man, but just ask her the question."

He did, kindly at first, but remonstratively; then, as his bewilderment grew, furiously; Sir Dawson standing by amused. But Wattabhama persisted gently that their marriage was complete.

"What have you done to her, you fiend!" cried the hapless avenger of morality, mopping his brow.

"Done! I only asked whether she left home willingly, by her father's consent. That makes a marriage by the law of the Malakloko. Also, I asked whether she regards herself as your wife! She is much surprised at the question, and declares there is no doubt of it. Believe me, she will never persuade or coerce this very fine young woman to tell another tale. She loves you too much. Good-day. I may mention that our next committee meeting is to-morrow, if you should wish to attend. Her majesty's courts of justice are always open."

But Mr. Macalister did not attend the committee, nor did he appeal to the law.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Up to Date.

A cabman appeared before a magistrate to obtain a summons under the following circumstances. He had been engaged to drive a lady and a gentleman, and after the lady had been left down at her house, had driven her companion some distance further. On being asked his fare, he told his passenger that it was five shillings and sixpence.

"Mean it six shillings," was the genial answer, and then that person pressed three coins into the cabman's hand and hastily fled.

Unfortunately, the coins were pennies, and not florins, and the cabman, being a mortals his generous client, was left to reflect upon the deceitfulness of mankind. His reflections seem to have led him to a remarkable conclusion. He drove straight back to the house where he had left the lady, represented to her that her companion had lately overpaid him, and begged for his name and address in order that he might rectify the mistake and repay the money. The name and address were promptly given, and the cabman was able to obtain his summons.

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The Dead at the Door.

(Written for Saturday Night by J. A. Tucker.)

The chimes were sounding ten as I left the door of Charles Markham, the Montreal broker, one dance night, some fifteen years ago. The following morning I was to be married to Mr. Markham's daughter Maud, a charming girl of eighteen and the youngest member of that rich and aristocratic family.

Though a young man—scarcely twenty-four at the time—I was in by no means penurious circumstances, having been bequeathed a modest income but a short time before by a wealthy uncle, who had been engaged in lucrative commission business. Besides this, my father had left to me—his only heir—a comfortable but unpretentious residence in a western suburbs. This, indeed, was practically all his estate at death; for while only a city editor, he had at the same time been a pleasure lover, and thus had contrived each year to annihilate his whole income.

As for myself, I was following in my father's footsteps, being engaged in editorial work on an evening paper; and like him—a fellow who could always contrive to spend money. I lived alone in the family house—a gloomy brownstone structure of an antiquated style—alone, with the exception of a young French *fac totum*. In this young fellow I had the greatest confidence, but he was not at all a favorite with my friends. Indeed, on several occasions Maud had expressed a desire that I should dismiss him. This I had always refrained from doing, and had endeavored to convince her that he was one of the most trustworthy fellows in the world, as I really believed him to be.

When I took leave of my betrothed the evening before our wedding day, she said to me, "Guy, I do wish you would find some situation elsewhere for that Bijou. I know I shall never feel right with him in the house."

"Why what a little goose you are about poor innocent Bijou!" I cried, laughing; "he would not harm a fly!"

"Oh yes he would dear," she replied quickly. "I feel sure he is a bad fellow."

"Well, well, I have never seen anything of it. But Bijou shall be removed, I shall find some place for him down-town."

Shortly after I was wending my way down the lonely avenue to the nearest corner where I wished to take a street car for home. Very naturally I was thinking of the morrow, and my heart was thrilled with joyous expectation. But strange to say, my happiness was marred by a vague foreboding, which I tried to persuade myself was merely the effect of excitement on a naturally restless and nervous constitution. Still the foreboding was there, mingled strangely with hope and happiness; and it was not till I had hailed and boarded a car that my mind turned to other matters.

For on entering, I found the only person in the car was a literary friend of mine, returning from the opera. We immediately began an animated conversation on various topics and at last drifted to the subject of somnambulism.

"Did you see that account in to-day's papers," asked my friend, "of a horrible murder committed in New York by a somnambulist?"

"No, I have not noticed it," replied I.

"It is a most dreadful story, he continued. "A man subject to sleep-walking rose in the night, took a razor and slashed a belated citizen in the street. He then returned home without waking the dead and is now a raving maniac."

"One can hardly believe that such a terrible story is true," I remarked. "My grandfather, I believe, was subject to somnambulism. I hope it will never make itself manifest in the family again."

"Well," he said, laughing, as he jerked the bell rope, "if there are any mysterious murders in your neighborhood, I shall know where to place them."

I laughed at my friend's grisly joke, although I must say that I did not like it, for I was impressed with the horror of the story.

"Good-night, Joe," I said as he stepped upon the platform.

"Good-night, Guy. I shall be at the church in the morning."

And now I was the sole passenger in the car. I had still to ride a considerable distance and during the whole time was musing on the gloomy and weird subject of somnambulism, revolving its awful possibilities and expressing mental prayers that it should never recur in the family. Then as my lonely house was reached, I gave the rope a nervous pull and alighted on the pavement, anxious to drown my thoughts in a torrent of happy dreams of the morrow morn.

On opening the door with my latch-key and entering the broad hall, I was met by Bijou, who was greatly excited apparently.

"Have monsieur seen 'em, eh!" he cried excitedly.

"Seen whom, Bijou?"

"Why, zat Andre. Oh, zat Andre! He come here drunk half-hour 'go. Say he want to see you, keeck you, keeck you! When I say to 'em go 'way or I call p'lesce, he hit me in face, in eye so I cannot see. Zen he run 'way. Oh, zat terrible Andre!"

True enough, when I examined Bijou's face, it bore marks of a pretty rough encounter. There was a bruise on the left cheek and the left eye was swollen and discolored. Andre was a porter who had been dismissed for drunkenness from the paper on which I worked, and ever since had borne me an unaccountable grudge, as if I had been the cause of his dismissal. He had been drinking very heavily of late and had annoyed us on several occasions, until at last I had had him arrested and he had been sentenced to several days at hard labor. I had hoped that this would put a stop to any further trouble, especially when he did not molest us for a considerable time after his release. However, Bijou's face gave good evidence that my hopes had been groundless.

"Well, Bijou," I said, "this thing must be stopped once and for all. Confound the fellow, he shall pay for it."

"Oh, zat terrible Andre!" reiterated Bijou, pacing up and down vehemently.

"And now, Bijou," I continued, "do not worry any more about Andre. We'll fix him in the police court to-morrow. But your wounds need attention. Just run down to Dr. Marlbean's and get something put on your bruises. I'm going to bed and I want you to call me early."

After I had reached my room I heard Bijou shut the door and lock it after he went out. I was not long getting to bed and asleep.

The first thing I heard in the morning was a confusion of voices on the stairway. I lay there half asleep rubbing my eyes and trying to think. Then it all flashed upon me—this was my wedding day. I jumped from my bed to make my morning toilet, but at the same moment there was a loud knocking on my chamber door. Hastily throwing my dressing-gown about me, I ran in some astonishment to the door and unlocked it. Immediately I was in the arms of a stalwart policeman, and two other officers entered the room.

"You are arrested," said the superior officer, "on a charge of murder. We hold you in the name of the Queen."

Scarcely could I believe that what seemed to be taking place was a reality. My senses were paralyzed by the extraordinary shock, and I stood in silence, not knowing what to say.

"In the name of heaven, officer," at last I managed to gasp out, "what does this mean?"

"You will learn what it means soon enough. First let me earnestly caution you not to admit anything to us, or to say anything concerning the matter."

"This must be some ghastly joke," I said. "To-day I am to be married. Come, come, give me some explanation."

"Sir," said the officer with evident impatience, "we are not accustomed to be thus trifled with. We have already told you the charge on which you are arrested, and we have done everything in the Queen's name, all of which certainly looks as though we are fooling. You will have to come before the magistrate to learn anything further. And now, it will be better, sir, if you will peaceably dress and come along with us."

"Officer," I said, "here in this room I declare my ignorance of the grounds on which I am arrested and my innocence of the horrible charge you advance. But I shall obey your commands, for the whole matter is so utterly absurd that the outcome cannot have anything but a farcical ending."

The officer did not reply, but bit his lip and gave me a searching glance. Then I proceeded to make my usual toilet, as if I were going out to my ordinary business and not to an awkward and ridiculous scrape of some kind in the police court. When I was about to put on my boots I found that one of the policemen was holding them under his arm.

"My boots, if you please," I said.

"No," he replied. "You can't have them. They are our strongest evidence against you."

"Well, then, kindly step into yonder clothes closet and get me a pair of shoes you will find behind the door."

The man readily obeyed and in a few moments I was ready to go. I was led between the two constables out of the door into the hall and there—good God!—I almost fainted at the sight. There were tracks of blood leading along right to my bed-room door. This then was why the officers had seized my boots. My senses reeled, I grew sick and dizzy and had to lean on the arms of the officers for support.

"Get me a drink of water," I gasped. "Call Bijou, my servant."

"Your servant's here," replied the superior, "for we searched thoroughly through the house after we had placed a guard at your door.

"He may have been out at the time," I suggested. "Nevertheless ring that bell on the table and if he is in he will come."

The officer rang the bell, but no Bijou answered. He was evidently gone, whether for good I did not know. However, I directed one of the constables where to go for a glass of wine I craved, and after drinking a mouthful I felt more steady.

"You will permit me a cab, of course?" I queried.

"Certainly. Hubbard you may go and engage a cab for Mr. Jephson."

One of the policemen immediately set off on the errand and before long the cab was at the door. As we made our way out of the house, watching as I was for the signs of the murder, I had sickened at the sight of a large, irregular blood stain on the pavement, and from this spot the tracks led into the house. You may imagine that I was in a state of feverish prostration I found myself. Hitherto I had scarcely been able to realize my position, but the reaction was already setting in and I was now plunged into the deepest despair and anguish, for my friend's story of the night before flashed on my brain. Was it possible that I had been the victim of sleep-walking? And if so, who had been the unfortunate one? The thought was terrible.

When we arrived at the station I soon learned who my victim had been. For in the presence of the superintendent I was led into a room where, white and stiff and defiled by dust and blood, lay the body of Andre. On the opening of court the building was crowded to the doors, for the news of the mysterious murder and my arrest had spread with the rapidity of the wind and had caused something much like a sensation. Mr. Markham was there and at once came forward and shook my hand. But tried to smile, indeed, but the attempt was rather a failure. I saw that he was greatly agitated.

"And Maud," I said, "how does the poor girl take it?"

"She bears right up," he answered. "She is sure you are innocent."

"Thank heaven for that!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand the firmer.

When the case was called, my counsel, Mr. Renault, a very learned and justly respected advocate, pleaded not guilty on my behalf, and the preliminary investigation was postponed till the morrow. The magistrate considered the case too serious and the circumstances too mysterious to accept of bail, so I had to spend twenty-four hours in the cells.

Next morning the hearing was begun in earnest. The statement of the officer who had found the body and that of the one who made the arrest were heard, and the boots were exhibited to the magistrate. The whole thing did not occupy more than an hour. The evidence, of course, was strongly against me, and the magistrate could do nothing but commit.

"I commit you," he said, "for trial at the first court of competent jurisdiction. I cannot take bail. Mr Crier, call the next case."

The day on which Guy Jephson was to be tried for his life rose warm and bright. The birds were early singing on the tree whose branches swept the window of my corridor, and at five o'clock I was awakened by the rays of the unfettered sun streaming through the bars upon my face. Not long after, I received Mr. Renault in the corridor. He did not linger long, speaking only a few words of encouragement and expressing the conviction that ere midnight I should be as free once more as yonder birds and as joyous as this sunshine on my floor.

"Ah," I exclaimed, shaking his hand, "perhaps you are putting me in a fool's paradise; but one thing I am sure of: if innocence means acquittal, what you say shall certainly come to pass.

Then I breakfasted and made a scrupulous toilet. It is strange how a man's mind will dwell on the most trivial matters in cases where the most momentous interests (even of life and death) are at stake. I have always remarked this fact. You never saw a prisoner whose life or liberty was in the balance come into court in anything but the most studied neatness of person, no matter how shabby his clothes. In this particular instance, I may say that I am not and never was at all dressy or unduly sensitive of personal appearance; yet, on that memorable morning, every hair was brushed into its exact place, every wrinkle was studiously smoothed from my clothing, every inch of my shoes polished till they shone like mahogany. I do not attempt to fathom the cause of this inconsistency of conduct with circumstance, but such a knotty question to my learned friend the psychologist.

At ten o'clock the sheriff's deputy, accompanied by a turnkey, came and conducted me to the court room. As I entered it, my heart, my poor heart, beat oh, so hard! My head swam before that great tableau of faces. I glanced hurriedly around, scarcely recognizing familiar faces. Then of a sudden I stopped still. The blood mounted to my face. Ah, Maud, Maud, I can never repay thee for that moment! My glance met Maud's there where a hundred gazes were turned upon us. She was sitting near the bench. It was unexpected. I was utterly surprised. I had just time to notice that she was pale but unbroken-looking, and then as our eyes met she smiled upon me, and that tender look so full of hope and sympathy—the sympathy of a woman's infinite love beaming in my heart, swept over the dark places with a glorious light. I was happy. I was full of hope, but even if those hopes were to be dashed on the rocks of despair ere day had sunk, I felt that at least I could die happy with the consciousness that I was innocent, and more than all, that she, my life, my unwedded bride, believed me innocent. I was repeated. I felt it as a truth to this day—for all the pain and agony I had passed through by that one moment of bliss, in which I learned forever the beauty of woman's soul and the eternal constancy of woman's love. Who would not give lands and houses and gold, and friends and fame and rank for such love!

I must have stood still, overcome by an emotion too deep and tender to be expressed when I received that smile of love, for I was now conscious of the touch of a hand upon my shoulder. It was the hand of the sheriff's deputy, who had been walking behind me—the turnkey was ahead.

"Kindly step on Mr. Jephson," whispered the deputy, and I walked into the dock with a light heart—light with the buoyancy of love.

The judge had not yet taken his seat on the bench, but he now entered in his sweeping black robes, leaning on the arm of the sheriff. There was an intense silence. The clerk requested the prisoner to stand. He rose to the charging me with the murder of Jean Andre. "Prisoner at the bar," he concluded, "what have you to say for yourself! Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," I answered firmly, and resumed my seat.

The calling of the jury then began. It was a difficult task, for ten were challenged by one or the other side before twelve good men and true were sworn to "well and truly try and true deliverance make between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and the prisoner at the bar, and a true verdict give according to the evidence, so help them God." The great trial was indeed begun.

The last smiles of the dying sun—couched on a death bed of splendorous crimson and gold—were cast as if in mockery upon the solemn and hushed throng within that awful court room. The evidence had all been given, the counsel had delivered their eloquent addresses to the jury, the learned judge had just finished his charge and, gathering his robes about him, was leaving the chamber to await the result of the jury's deliberations. The constables in charge of the jury were sworn to act in silence the twelve in whose hands lay my life, were ushered from the room. Mr. Renault came forward and shook my hand. He had made a brilliant fight in my defence. His address to the jury had been eloquent and powerful and touching. But alas! I could not find much hope in his face. There was a certain gloom in its expression as he greeted me which he tried hard to conceal, but which for one in my circumstances it was not hard to detect. I myself had very little hope. The evidence had been straight against us; the supposed enmity on my part to Andre, the police court feud of a few weeks before the murder, the damaging fact of the blood being traced straight to my room, by my boots, all this was evidence the most damning and against which nothing could be said but that it was wholly circumstantial. Mr. Renault had spent a great portion of his argument on this one defect in the crown's case; but even, he said, if it were true that I had done the deed, it had been proven that somnambulism ran in our family, and it might have been the cause of it. "Certainly," he had urged, "it is impossible to picture a sane man committing such a deed on the eve of his wedding day. And if it was impossible to picture that, would it not be impossible to picture him taking no steps to cover up his crime, but, on the contrary, leaving the body at his very door, walking to his room with blood stained shoes and retiring calmly to rest to await arrest by the police?" Alas! these arguments were declared by the crown to be mere deceptions. "Circumstantial evidence," argued Mr. Geoffrion, the crown attorney, "cannot be attacked and thrown out as invalid. There is scarcely ever a murder case in which the crown can bring forward direct, positive evidence; and if circumstantial evidence is to be thrown out, then murderers are at once exempt from all chance of punishment. As to somnambulism, that is merely a theory, a supposition of my learned friend's; and as such you cannot accept it for fact. Besides," he concluded, "it is not for you, gentlemen of the jury, to decide as to whether the alleged actions of the prisoner were sane or insane. The fact remains that the blood was there and the body there. If the prisoner is insane my learned friend can have him submitted by the court to competent medical examination. It is for you to judge of the evidence—of those facts which the defence does not pretend to deny are facts—and to pronounce, upon those facts, either the prisoner is guilty or the prisoner is not guilty."

But I have digressed. As I said, Mr. Renault came up and shook my hand.

"Well, Mr. Jephson," said he "your anxiety will soon be over."

"Yes, for better or for worse," I answered.

"I trust for better," he said, endeavoring to smile. "But I cannot conceal from you the fact that my hopes are not so bright as in the morning. However, I do not, you understand, by any means give up hope. Indeed, it is always darkest just before dawn."

"Ah, Mr. Renault," I exclaimed, again grasping his hand, "I thank you for those words. We can at least keep from being in despair. There comes Miss Markham, I see."

Maud, who had never once during that long, wearisome day left her seat by her father near the bench, now indeed came over to us.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Renault, withdrawing in exquisite grace, "I have a word to say with Mr. Geoffrion just now. You will excuse me." And he took a seat beside the crown's counsel.

It was not long after, while Maud and I were still engaged in a deeply absorbing conversation, that I noticed a messenger enter hurriedly and speak a few words to Mr. Renault, who immediately rose and left the room in some haste. Then Mr. Markham was also called out; and soon Maud was sent for, and, shaking my hand, left me and disappeared through the outer entrance.

In about half an hour Mr. Renault returned and whispered a few words to my father. Mr. Markham and Maud did not come back. Soon there was a vigorous thumping on the door that led to the jury room. The judge entered throw itself back on the bench. There was a moment of awful stillness and the jury was ushered in and took their seats. The roll was called.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the clerk, rising, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," answered the foreman standing up.

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"Guilty," said the foreman and sat down.

There was the momentary stir that always succeeds the rendering of a verdict. I could hear whispers hurriedly and excitedly passed forth among the audience. No doubt they thought the game was certainly all up with me. As for myself, I must have seemed quite unconcerned.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge (and he was evidently much affected) "have you anything to say why the sentence of the court should not be passed upon you?"

"My Lord," I replied, rising to my feet, "my counsel, Mr. Renault, with your lordship's permission, will speak for me in this matter and will present a sufficient reason why your lordship should not pronounce sentence upon me."

"Mr. Renault has the permission of the court to proceed," said the judge, very calmly.

"The reason I would present is very simple and I think will be recognized by your lordship as amply sufficient. The fact is simply this: Bijou Couture, the former man-servant in my employ, who disappeared so strangely at the time of the murder, and whose evidence was so much desired, and whose unaccountable absence was so much regretted by the crown and my defence, has arrived during the last hour and is now in waiting. He desires to be heard in order that he may tell the true story of the crime which seems about may clear the name of an innocent man and may confess before this solemn tribunal that he himself is the guilty party."

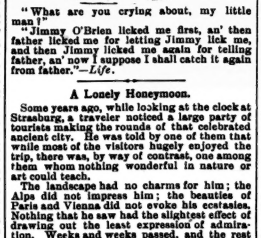
The sensation caused by this statement was indescribable. People rose in their seats in excitement when Bijou was ushered in and took his stand in the witness box.

The story told by him upon oath was briefly this: When he went to Dr. Marlbean's to have his wounds dressed, the doctor was out and did not return till after midnight, so that by the time he had his face dressed it was one o'clock and half-past one by the time he reached my door again. There he found Andre kicking and pounding at the panels. A fight ensued and in the lonely street Bijou, in a burst of fury, stabbed Andre, left him dying on the pavement, and overcome by the sight of his deed, fled for life. He had lived as a tramp in the country around for some time, but entering village the day before, heard of the sensational trial of his former master, whom he loved, and at once set out for the city in the depth of grief at having been the cause of his master's disgrace but thoroughly resolved to make amends by a full confession.

As to the tracks of blood, it was now evident that the theory of somnambulism was, after all, correct. I had been walking in my sleep, had stepped into the pool of blood by the side of Andre's body and tracked it up the stairs to my room.

Mr. Renault moved for a new trial for me. The motion was accorded to willingly by the judge and a few days after I was formally acquitted. There was nothing left, of course, but to place Bijou under arrest and he was formally tried after I had been acquitted. He pleaded guilty and had to be sentenced to death by the judge. But owing to the peculiar nature of the case, executive clemency was exercised. But poor Bijou, who was after all the dupe of my friends so faithful and loving a servant to me that he would have laid down his life to save mine, did not enjoy good health in prison and died two years after incarceration.

For the rest, you all know it. Maud and I were married; and though now as happy and as free from care as it is the lot of most mortals to be, we often think of my narrow escape and tremble as we think. "Ah, Maud," I said to her just last night as I finished this account of my strange misfortune, "what creatures of circumstance we are! I, who have innocent of blood, was once pronounced guilty of murder, just because I was a sleep walker and poor Bijou left the dead at the door."



"What are you crying about, my little man?"

"Jimmy O'Brien licked me first, an' then father licked me for letting Jimmy lick me, and then Jimmy licked me again for telling father, an' now I suppose I shall catch it again from father."—*Life.*

A Lonely Honeymoon.

Some years ago, while looking at the clock at Strasburg, a traveler noticed a large party of tourists making the rounds of that celebrated ancient city. He was told by one of them that while most of the visitors hugely enjoyed the trip, there was, by way of contrast, one among them whom nothing wonderful in nature or art could teach.

The landscape had no charms for him; the Rhine did not impress him; the beauties of Paris and Vienna did not evoke his ecstasies. Nothing that he saw had the slightest effect of drawing out the least expression of admiration. Weeks and weeks passed, and the rest of the party were dumfounded at his lack of appreciation of the sights which met them on all sides.

Finally it was decided to send a committee of four, two gentlemen and two ladies, to his room, and inquire what it was prevented his enjoyment of the trip.

"Old man," said one of the committee, "tell us what is the matter. We fear that the party has displeased you we shall dismiss him; if any wrong has been done you, we shall see that it is remedied, but do tell us what the trouble is, for we are trying hard to please you."

"Well," said the unappreciative tourist, "I do not care to say anything about my trouble. I wanted to keep it to myself, but as you have asked me, I may as well out with it. The matter is just this. This is my wedding trip—the first wedding trip I ever made—and I am so poor that I did not have money enough to take my wife with me."

"How can you give such a dirty napkin as this?"

"Beg pardon, sir, got folded the wrong way, sir. There, sir; how's that, now?"

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They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HERD THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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Our Christmas Number Prize Competitions.

THE fame of SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas Number is too well established to require any previous words of description. As in the past, the number now in preparation will be Canada's choicest literary and artistic production for the year, and all the leading *litterateurs* and artists of the Dominion will be represented in its pages. In accordance with the custom as established last year, SATURDAY NIGHT will again endeavor to discover and encourage amateur talent by two prize story competitions.

For the best short story of not more than four thousand words, or less than two thousand, a first prize of $30 will be given. For second best a prize of $20, and for third best a prize of $10. The scenes of these stories must be Canadian, and all MSS. submitted to the editors will become the property of this paper; but those which do not receive a prize will, if published, be paid for at regular rates.

For the best children's story, to consist of not less than fifteen hundred or more than twenty-five hundred words, $20 will be paid, and for second best, $10.

For the best poem, not to consist of more than twenty lines, $10 will be given.

These prizes are not large, and are simply intended to develop a few more contributors to Canadian literature.

The publishers do not make themselves responsible for any manuscript submitted for their inspection, and the following rules *must* be observed: All manuscripts are to be written legibly on one side of a half-sheet of foolscap and in ink or by the typewriter. A *nom de plume* should be signed to the manuscript, and a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the writer and bearing on the outside the same *nom de plume* as the manuscript, must accompany it. All manuscripts intended for this competition, if not marked "Prize Competition," will be treated as regular contributions to our weekly edition.

In addition to the literary excellence of this year's Christmas Number, it is desired to make the illustrations as interesting as possible to Canadian readers. To obtain this the publishers draw attention to a photographic competition, hitherto unattempted by a Canadian publication.

For the best photograph of a Canadian winter scene, $15 will be given; and for the best photograph of a Canadian summer scene $10 will be paid. Competitors must give the locality of the scene and the month in which the picture was taken, and follow the same rules as to *nom de plume*, etc., as are detailed above.

Also for the best photograph of a Canadian girl or child a prize of $15 will be given, and for second best $10 will be paid. The names of the persons photographed will not be given and the pictures will be reproduced and idealized by the best processes that money can procure.

To rank in any of these competitions everything must be on hand before October 1, and as those stories and poems first received must necessarily be most carefully read, competitors are advised to send them in as soon as possible.

Girls at Summer Resorts.

A LADY said to me the other day that though of course they would scorn to let us poor conceited males know it, the greatest enjoyment of girls was had in the company of young men. No matter how learned or given to mind-improvement a girl may be, her books take a second place in her affections to nice young men. Young men hardly know what constitutes niceness in themselves. It is an indefinable something, not the something which constitutes a gentleman, for sometimes young men who are in all things perfect gentlemen, are not considered at all nice or their company at all desirable by young ladies. Niceness for young ladies is perhaps constituted by a not too impudent sprightliness.

In these days then the nice young man has green pastures in the summer resorts. The places are full of delightful girls, all on the lookout for flirtations with nice young men. For what do girls go to summer resorts for? Ostensibly to recuperate their health; in reality to flirt. Some young ladies deceive themselves, and say it is merely having a good time, but they are in constant pursuit of a flirtation just the same. If you happen to have a sister at a summer resort, notice her letters. How much she has to say about the limited number of young men there. She tells you all about their appearance and mental qualities and so forth. But the information about the girls, usually there in large numbers, is meager. Perhaps if there is one young lady there in whom she thinks you are interested, or in whom she would like you to be, she will give you a few sly hints, but the rest is all men, men, men. To the girl friends to whom she writes, she is even more full of information. If the correspondence of two girls at different summer resorts could be laid open to male eyes, what blushing and giggling there would be. How girls, unless they are wholly enamoured of a young man, like to be teased about him. They write these letters to their friends delightedly anticipating a whole autumn and winter of laughing and being teased and telling incidents about various young men.

Do not think dear girl readers that in thus plainly telling the truth about the whole of you, I censure your characteristics. Far from it. Though I am a brusque enough bear in your presence, I like you. I wish sometimes that I were a nice young man and could go to Muskoka or somewhere and whisper sweet nothings in your ears and gratify your flirtatious appetites. But I cannot—you would not understand my sweet nothings and would consider me a bore. So I stay here at my desk with my books. My books like me better than do girls, and as Cupid chains not my mind I can with delight observe your pretty affectations and enjoyments, you lovely summer girls, as do you the fragile beauty of the butterflies that fly near you by the lakes, in the woods, among the ripening, rippling harvest fields, or wherever you are.

TOUCHSTONE.

Music.

Little or nothing is doing in a musical way in the city at present. Like its sister arts, music is prostrated with the heat. At Hamilton, however, all is alive in preparation for next week's Saengerfest. Thirty-eight choral societies, under the baton of Herr Johann Lund of Buffalo will take part, with numerous vocalists, and altogether the affair will be the greatest musical event that has ever taken place in Canada. Thousands of Toronto visitors will probably be there.

*

This has been a notable week in comic opera for New York. Wang reached its one hundredth consecutive performance at the Broadway; The Grand Duchess was sung for the last time at the Casino, and The Tar and the Tartar has approached very nearly to its centennial representation at Palmer's. The Casino had a *fete* night and souvenirs on Friday, and, of course, the roof garden as an extra inducement; there was a crowd. Lillian Russell's final appearances at this house this week will doubtless have weight with her admirers. On Monday night the Strauss opera, Indigo, in a brand new English dress, and a very elaborate one, too, was heard at the Casino, with Pauline (L'Allemand as the new prima donna. Max Freeman's friends declare that the triumph of his life has been achieved in his preparation of this work. Wang's big night was also Friday, when there was presented a souvenir worthy of the occasion. Palmer's opera continues to share generously in the remarkably liberal support accorded to the musical entertainments in town; but its day of departure is drawing nigh! Jeannette St. Henry and Marian Singer, leading sopranos of the Hopper organization, who have been absent for the past week, the former owing to illness and the latter by reason of a painful accident, have resumed their positions in the cast of Wang.

*

Richard Stahl, the well known composer of comic operas, has recently completed an opera for the eccentric comedian, Francis Wilson. In conversation on the subject Mr. Stahl said: "Mr. Wilson seems highly pleased with what he has seen of the opera. He is desirous to produce works of higher order than the average comic opera with which our public are familiar, and for that reason he has seconded and approved my endeavor to write something that will be considered worthy of the attention of music-lovers. I have been working hard on this piece for several months, and I am not sorry to be able to say that it is finished. For one thing, I have had a capital subject in Cheever Goodwin's libretto. In my opinion it is extremely bright and exceptionally funny. Mr. Wilson's part is just in his way. The name—and the theme! Ah, that's a secret for the present. Mr. Wilson is probably having the details for a little surprise later on. I am free to say, however, that the scenes are laid in a picturesque country, and they will give ample scope for fine sets and brilliant costumes. There are excellent *roles* in it for Laura Moore and Marie Jansen, both of whom will be seen to great advantage. The choral effects will be strong. The score is written for a double chorus. Indeed, the work is of such an elaborate character that it will take at least ten weeks to get it ready after preparations begin. As you know, Mr. Wilson will begin his engagement at the Broadway in October. There is plenty of life left in The Merry Monarch, of which New Yorkers got but a comparatively brief view, and that piece will hold the boards for some time. I think, however, that you may expect the production of the new opera before the end of December. As for my other work, I am finishing the opera I began to compose on an order from Emma Abbott. It is a romantic opera, and I think it will suit Lillian Russell. At all events, Mr. French is to have the first look at it."

*

Speaking of the past season in London the *Musical Times* says: Musical activity during the past season has displayed itself in various ways, some of which may be considered as exhibiting progress, while others tend to show that the belief in the safety of old paths has yet many adherents in the artistic world. It would be difficult to say whether there is reason for congratulation in the work which has been accomplished, as far as it has any bearing upon the advance of art. The effect of all the labor that has been done cannot be fully estimated at present, but it may be safely said that if the past year has not been prolific of things new, it has not been barren in extending and solidifying the love for things old. In this latter respect the condition of music in London has not been retrogressive, for it is out of the knowledge of the productions of those who have assisted in framing the present condition of musical culture that a fair estimate can be formed of the value of the work done by our living musicians. The educational musical institutions—the Royal Academy, the Royal College, the Guildhall School of Music, and the various "Conservatories" in the suburbs—have all been doing good, not only in training students, but also in extending the advantages of musical culture among those who do not in every case intend to follow music as a profession, but who desire to carry its humanizing effects into their own households.

*

Down in St. John, N. B., the Adelaide Randall Comic Opera Company have been having a good deal of trouble. Before landing at St. John one of the chorus became the happy mother of a baby. The happiness was short-lived, for soon after being removed to the hospital in that city, the child died. Mr. Atwood was to receive a certainty from Mr. Fairweather, the local manager, but foul weather and other causes combined to bring the engagement to a termination that was, we are informed, both abrupt and far from satisfactory. For the certainty Atwood agreed to furnish a specified number of chorus people, five musicians and the principals; also to produce three operas each week. As intimated, however, business was the reverse of favorable during the first and also the second week. The chorus was not competent, only three musicians were furnished, and Atwood was not prepared to produce a number of operas. Manager Fairweather accordingly canceled the contract; Atwood and the company separated; the manager returned to New York, and the company remained in Canada, living on the commonwealth plan. Frank Miguax, a member of the chorus, was accidentally struck on the head with a sword by James Peakes, and, blood poisoning setting in, he died the next day. We regret to learn that the troubles have also caused an estrangement between Mr. Atwood and his wife, known professionally as Adelaide Randall.

The Drama.

Under the supervision of Manager Sheppard the Grand Opera house is undergoing preparations for the opening of the season on August 24. The entrance hall and the foyer have been tastefully decorated, and the whole interior has received a thorough brightening up. The prospects for the season are the brightest for many years. From the following list the patrons of this theater may obtain some idea of the treats that are in store for them. The house will be opened on Monday, 24th inst., by the Stetson Opera Company in the Black Hussar. Among the other excellent attractions during the season are the following: Dr. Bill, Modjeska, Little Tycoon, Robert Mantell, Mr. Barnes of New York, Charity Ball, Joseph Haworth, Rhea, All the Comforts of Home, Sadie Scanlan, Lewis Morrison, Agnes Huntington Opera Company, Fanny Davenport, Power of the Press, Blue Jeans, Sol Smith Russell, Hess Opera Company, Miss Eastlake, Thomas Keene, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, Marie Wainwright, De Wolf Hopper Opera Company in Wang, Rosina Vokes, Aronson Opera Company, Roland Reed, Sea King.

*

The coming dramatic season at the Academy of Music promises to be more fertile than ever in brilliant artists and no less renowned plays. This theater will re-open on Sept. 3, greatly beautified and improved. Manager Frank Kirchmer has booked a superior programme of attractions, all of which are sure to meet with the unqualified approbation of his present and prospective patrons. Among the many artists of cosmopolitan reputation who will be seen at the Academy this season are: Sarah Bernhardt, Jefferson-Florence, Emma Juch, James O'Neil, the Gormans, the Wilsons and the Tar and the Tartar. Manager Kirchmer has purchased a part interest with Mr. C. J. Whitney in his Canadian circuit, which includes the London and Hamilton Grand Opera Houses and the Academy of Music.

*

The following sketch, The Last Night, is from the pen of the charming actress, Emma V. Sheridan: "There is a new sound in the lines of the play, isn't there, on the last night of the season? I for one never yet went on for a closing performance without a choke in my throat.

We are a sentimental lot at best—or as our friends say "at worst"—and the relationships formed during a season seem all of a sudden very close and very dear when the end of it all comes.

It usually is the end of it all, too. Experience has taught us by this time that the season once closed, New York once reached and we "scatter" and forget all about each other. But we don't think of that on the last night.

To have tramped it twenty to thirty (if we are lucky) weeks with a certain crowd, to have suffered the same bad hotels, endured the same dirty, smelly cars; played in the same empty, half-empty and crowded theaters; to have lent and borrowed, quarreled and made up, cried and laughed in the same company for a good part and a bad part of a year, makes the last of it all seem a bit sentimental to any one of us.

You even feel a heart warming towards the comedian you have hated, the leading lady you have envied and the management you have frequently cursed.

The last time—the last time! The footlights burn mistily; the orchestra is afar off. "Good-bye, old girl! God bless you!" and the lines of the play go on, though your voice breaks.

The audience laughs at the usual place and it runs through your heart—"the last time, the last time!" Some one else will be speaking when they laugh again there.

"Don't forget me, dear!" and the lines of the play go on while your thoughts wander. That bit of business always did catch. What would the house think if they knew the pathos the comic turn that pleases them has to you?

The bit of melody somebody plays for the third act curtain—you never really noticed it before; it makes you ache now with a goodbye feeling. You slip your "prop. flower" into your dress; you have a basketful of souvenirs at home, something from every play you ever appeared in—a ribbon from Nellie's dress; the cigarette Miss Blake smoked her last night; Grace Harkaway's letter; Meg's placard; one of Lucy's mittens, and so on. This will go with the rest—oh, dear! "God bless you! God bless you!" And how can you play when your heart aches so?

Oh, yes; we are a sentimental lot! But then, how easily we forget! That's a comfort.

Yet we have our ghosts, too. Way out in a Western town when the well known stage door creaks behind us we hear "Good-bye, old girl! God bless you!" When we stumble at the same old broken steps of the Opera House in Cincinnati we remember a "be careful—d—— these stairs!" Such a one was with us here last year. Such another here.

The old hotels bring back forgotten companions—sometimes the somebody who helps us out of that wretched three a. m. train that leaves Cleveland, seems less real than somebody we remember who did once before.

Now and then an old part comes back to us, and oh, dear, how recollections swarm! It's a shock to realize how much has lain forgotten.

We are a happy-go-lucky and happy-go-unlucky lot, but then we must be. Where would be the sentiment of remembering if we did not forget?

Same old mud in Meridian, and the breeze from the lake in Milwaukee, and the whisky in Richmond, and the bad hotel in Peoria, and—ah, me, how time flies!

A good many "last nights" have fixed these memories in our shifting thoughts, and now this one is coming to an end.

It's a dear old part, after all, and who will play it next session? It's a dear old company to be sure, and when will it ever play together again? It's a dear old theater, too, and what will you be playing when next you come? And it's been a good season, after all—a little disappointing, perhaps, as to money, and you thought to have been doing leads before it finished, but what is money? And as for leads, they will come—they will come, and this is gone!

The curtain stops with a thud; you still hear the bell. The scenes are already shifting; there is the usual tramp and rush, a little accelerated to-night because it's the last night—the last night.

Somebody says hoarsely, "Good-bye, old girl; God bless you!"

Ah! how hard these last times are always!

*

In Vienna next year there is to be held an international musical and dramatic festival or exhibition. The event will be an important one in the annals of the drama and the preparations for it are being made on a magnitudinous scale.

At present the plan embraces the appearance of representative actors from all nations that have aided in developing dramatic art. France will probably send the leaders of the Comedie Francaise. Italy will be worthily represented by Salvini and Rossi. England will send Irving as her histrionic champion. Germany will enter Possart in the lists.

In such an exhibition the honor and credit of America must be maintained. National pride—not to speak of artistic considerations—demands that our stage shall send its best dramatic products to compete with those of the rest of the world.

But what actor or what company can America charge with this important mission when the time arrives?

A few years ago, in such an emergency, Edwin Booth and Mary Anderson would have occurred instantly to every mind. But Mr. Booth's health is now unequal to such an exertion, and Miss Anderson has deserted the stage.

Where, then, will the choice fall?

There is a large field to select from. The candidates range from Ada Rehan to A Brass Monkey.

*

The Dancing Girl will be Mr. Sothern's chief play for the coming season; but The Maister of Woodbarrow, The Highest Bidder and Lord Chumley may be revived on tour.

The Dancing Girl has been the cause of much discussion. Many critics believe that it has serious drawbacks to success on the American stage. Nevertheless its plot is of absorbing interest. It tells a strange story of infatuation. Much of the contemporary evil of English social life is shown, but the play carries with it that happy sense of atonement through suffering that makes it symmetrical from an ethical standpoint.

There are seventeen speaking parts, and the production may be said to be a showy one. Mr. Sothern will again have an opportunity to play a serious *role*, though occasional touches of grim comedy will fall to him by way of contrast. He will play the part of the Earl of Guisebury, acted in England by Beerbohm Tree.

Virginia Harned will appear as Drusilla, a Quaker maid, who is the dancing girl. Miss Harned will not have to dance, however. Julia Neilson played the dancing girl in London. I consider the character extremely effective from a dramatic standpoint.

Kate Pattison-Selten will play the part of Lady Hawtrey, and Jennie and Bessie Tyree will have juvenile *roles*. Morton Selten will play the Honorable Reginald Silingsby—originated in London by Frederick Kerr. Augustus Cooke, Roveland Buckstone and Owen Fawcett will also have strong parts. The entire company has been selected, and rehearsals will begin next Monday.

W. H. Day is designing the scenery. He has prepared the models of the scenes—which are laid on the Isle of Endellion and in London.

*

It is said that F. C. Burnand has cleverly expunged from his London version of Miss Helyett the coarseness that characterizes Boucheron's original work. But in this cleansing process the piece has lost a good deal of its coherency.

Well Informed.

Old lady—Is this good fly-paper?
Boy—Yes, ma'am; beat there is.
Old lady—Will it catch flies?
Boy—It'll catch 'em better than the centerfielder of the Rochesters.
Old lady (who reads the papers)—I'll look at some other kind, young man.

My Boyhood's Comrade—J. A. M.

For Saturday Night.

Under the sunshine and under the sod;
Over him grasses which lovingly nod;
Lulled by the wind as it murmuring creeps
Thro' the rose foliage—here Albert sleeps.

Here where we laid my sweet comrade at rest
With the white flower which I pinned on his breast,
Glad I return, a few moments to spend,
Amongst the fond mem'ries of boyhood's first friend.

No record in marble appeals to my eyes;
The true mourner knows where his buried love lies;
Obscure, unobtrusive his life amongst men;
Unmarked is his grave, but his mem'ry is green.

O, well have they laid him amid the green fields
Where musical voices pale lift their delicate shields;
In sight of the sun and in touch with the breeze,
With the odor of flowers and the songs in the trees.

In scenes such as these he delighted to live;
No pleasure so keen as that Nature could give;
His heart it was simple, his love all-confessed;
'Midst Simplicity's lap he securely can rest.

Need I question or fear what the future doth hold?
He sleeps as he lived in dear Nature's mould,
In accord with his God and conformed to His plan,
Sweet his memory to me, for 'tis that of a man.

Everton Cemetery. R. B.

Accidental.

For Saturday Night.

You are surprised that I married Paul?
I said 'twas Shelley last June you know,
'Twas purely an accident, dear, that's all;
I hardly yet can believe it so.

I asked Shelley to read to me.
Men are so stupid—the only book
I really meant he should never see,
Was just the one from the shelf he took.

Paul sent it to me when he sailed away,
It was full of passionate vows and tears,
Of sweet regrets, and of love alway,
The love that melted within those years.

And marked was every fancy dear,
His pencil first, and my tears could trace,
And Shelley hated him, that was clear,
If only you could have seen his face.

I felt that my own was rosy red,
I pressed my hands to my throbbing brain,
A torrent fell on my drooping head,
Of sorrow, bitterness, grief and pain.

He came to me with majestic stride,
And read the book that I knew by heart,
He vowed I never should be his bride,
He said I had acted well my part.

He then demanded, if I loved Paul,—
I neither uttered a cry nor stirred—
My soul was saying, yes, all in all;
My lips were mute and they spoke no word.

He flung the book in my lap once more,
He strode away with a fierce look on;
I knew the farce of my life was o'er,
He banged the door and my love was gone.

I called him over and over again,
I cried to him, O what would the whole world say;
You know my trousseau was ordered then,
Mamma was shopping for me that day.

The door bell rang, a step in the hall,
I'll go right in—I was pale with rage—
I knew the voice and the step, and Paul;
I hid my face in the tear-stained page.

He saw my book, and he saw my eyes,
I only cried as hard as I could;
He said, "You love me," with sweet surprise,
I let him think whatever he would.

'Twas very easy, men are so vain;
We fixed the time and the day—next fall;
I did not find it hard to explain,
A change of the bridegroom that was all.

EMMA P. SEABURY.

Earth's Beauty.

For Saturday Night.

What a beautiful world is this world of ours,
Filled with palaces, gardens and bowers,
Sweet roses and violets blue,
White fleecy clouds and beautiful skies
So brilliant and blue they dazzle our eyes
With colors of different hue.

Such beautiful perfumes scent the air,
Such beautiful flowers grow everywhere,
No wonder the world seems bright,
And beautiful birds the whole day long
Gladden our hearts with cheerful song
Till weary, and then take flight.

But soon to return to enchant us again
With melody sweet, while our hearts retain
Their memory fresh in our mind,
And beautiful brooklets sparkle so bright
The live-long day and moon-lit night,
While gently whispers the wind.

Such beautiful sunsets in purple and gold
The grander beauties of Nature unfold,
While even dark clouds are lined
With silvery tints, and distant hills
The beautiful scene with enchantment fills
As the sun sinks in glory enshrined.

Then beautiful sunrise dew drops show
Scattered o'er meadows, and far below
In the valleys the mists are seen.
The trees are clothed with a changeful dress,
While mosses and ferns in their loveliness
Enliven the beautiful scene.

And in the broad ocean's majestic roll,
So mighty it stretches from pole to pole;
Much beauty and grandeur are there
In the deep, dark waves of beautiful blue
Rising in foam; bursts, then starts anew
Its beauty and strength to repair.

And on the sea coast are beautiful shells
Driven on shore by angry swells
Of the sea as they lash the shore.
And beautiful rocks of glistening white
Sparkle and glitter like jewels bright
Or gems from the earth's rich ore.

Ah yes! if we use our senses aright
Our hearts will be filled with grateful delight
While viewing the works of God,
Our lives be more faithful, more earnest and real
As these beautiful things God's goodness reveal,
Foretastes of His glorious abode.

ELLA MAUDE.

Picking Peaches.

Thick on the drooping branches
The leaves were shining green,
With the downy crimson peaches
All glowing in between.
With bare white arms uplifted,
In every motion grace,
Gleaming tresses if adding
Around her winsome face;
With dainty rounded ankles
That her kirtle barely reaches,
A witching little maiden
Wood lipton plucking peaches.

I've danced with courtly ladies
Where wealth and beauty met,
And thrilled at languid glances
From blonde and fair brunette;
I've stemmed the foaming breakers
With belles at all the beaches,
But this sweet maid plucked out my heart
As she plucked the glowing peaches.

S. W. HARDCASTLE.

Noted People.

William II. is not only German Emperor and King of Prussia, but is eighteen times a Duke, twice a Grand Duke, ten times a Count, fifteen times a Seigneur, and three times a Margrave.

Frau Aders, who has won the name of the German Florence Nightingale by her active nursing services, died recently at Elberfeld, Germany. She was a nurse in the Franco-Prussian war.

Theodore Tilton, whose name was once prominently associated with Henry Ward Beecher, has settled permanently in Passy, near Paris. He gains a moderate income by literary work.

Countess Tolstoi, on her recent trip to St. Petersburg, had an interview with the Czar, and succeeded in obtaining from him a promise of protection for her husband against the annoyances caused him by the Committee of Censors.

Miss Emma Eames and Madame Albani, at the conclusion of their engagements at Covent Garden, will proceed to the United States, where they will appear under the management of H. E. Abbey. The brothers de Reszke are also engaged.

Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, the author of A Girl in the Karpathians, assumed the dress of a boy on her travels through the regions her book describes. Miss Dowie is under twenty-one years of age, and made her journey without companions.

Mr. Harold Frederic's life of the Emperor William, which was appropriately published last week, may be described by its subtitle, "A Study in Character-Development of a Throne." It is interesting in itself to have the life of an autocrat written by an American.

Eleonore Duse, a famous Italian actress, is perfecting herself in some of Shakespeare's plays and will soon take up the study of "Cleopatra." She will first visit Russia with her new *repertoire* and then expects to make a tour of the leading cities in the United States.

The Theosophical Convention has concluded to divide Madame Blavatsky's ashes into three parts, one to be kept in London, a second to be sent to Madras, and the third to be committed to the care of the Theosophists of New York. Madame Blavatsky's successor in England, Lady Caithness, is said to be very wealthy.

Both men and women are to be admitted to the great university at Palo Alto, Cal., which Mrs. Leland Stanford is building in memory of her son. No pains or expense will be spared to make the building and the school equipment as perfect as possible. Tuition and board are placed at the low sum of two hundred dollars a year.

One week before Lawrence Barrett's death Aïda Dyas signed a contract with him to play with Edwin Booth in such *roles* from Shakespeare as those of Portia, Beatrice, Katharine, Lady Macbeth, etc. It may not be generally known that since Lincoln's assassination by John Wilkes Booth, Edwin Booth has never played in Washington.

While the German empress was visiting Paris she made a number of clever sketches which she will have printed, and use the proceeds for charitable purposes. One of the sketches shows a number of Frenchmen inspecting Her Majesty's carriage, and at the window of the embassy near by, the empress herself is watching their curious scrutiny.

Miss Theo Alice Ruggles, one of the competitors for the statue of Shakespeare to be erected by the city of Providence, is only twenty years old, and is the daughter of a prominent business man of Boston. Even as a child she displayed a fondness for modelling, and it was a snow figure that first attracted the attention of the sculptor H. H. Kitson, who has been Miss Ruggles's teacher ever since.

Miss Edison, daughter of "the only" Edison, is making a tour through Europe, accompanied by a lady companion. While in Madrid Miss Edison, in reply to the polite inquiries of a Spanish interviewer, said that her father was at present engaged upon an important invention in connection with mining. More than this she could not say, except that her father had a brainful of smaller inventions awaiting his leisure to develop.

Dr. Alice Bennett, the resident physician in the Women's Department of the Pennsylvania State Insane Hospital, has a memory which enables her to recall the name and special treatment of every one of the nine hundred patients under her care. She has been at work in the Norristown hospital for eleven years. This is the only institution of this kind in the world where women have the sole charge of women patients, and Dr. Bennett's methods of treatment have proved singularly successful.

Mrs. Jeannette Thurber, though ever busy in the cause of her tremendous musical schemes, a patroness and manager of numerous philanthropic associations, and much sought after socially, is an accomplished housekeeper and most heedful and care-taking supervisor of the bringing up of her two handsome daughters, whose broad shoulders, brilliant skins and supple figures bear witness that their physical education has never been sacrificed for musical studies, in which, nevertheless, they are wonderfully well grounded.

Few people know that Mr. de Navarro is one of the first young men Miss Anderson ever knew. Years ago, when the young actress passed her summers at Long Branch, Mr. de Navarro was at his father's handsome place at Seabright, a mile or two away. In those summer days the beautiful face of this lovely and talented girl played sad havoc with his heart. She was often his mother's guest, and he was a daily visitor at the Anderson cottage. For years he followed her. Finally, he won her. Now the happy friends of youthful days can, with perfect confidence, as husband and wife, pass into the days to come.

The American vocalist known as "Nikita" is engaged to be married to Prince Mirza Riza, the Adjutant of his Imperial Majesty the Shah of Persia. One of the clauses of the marriage contract is said to be that the lady will be permitted to appear in public during five months of every year. So part of the time she will be Nikita and during seven months she will play the *role* of a princess. One of the journals in announcing the title of the future bridegroom, called him Prince Rizine, after the famous food of which we read, and which sounds, by the way, like a name out of a fairy piece or one of Biron's burlesques.

The Rational View of Woman's Rights.

EVERY age is one of more or less transition; the race is never at a standstill; it is ever in retrogression or progression. This century is peculiarly one of progression—progression towards complete life. It is also witnessing a movement unique in the history of man. Oh, yes, I know all about the Greek philosophizing; the dogmatic teaching of early fathers, and the fugitive comments upon what is womanly in all the centuries down to our own, and we find there has been a natural correspondence between the rate of teaching in this respect and the rate of civilization attained in any given age. But the Greek moralists talked from the clouds, and like the stars they did not give much light, and 'early fathers' were saturated with the Jewish contempt for woman, and most writers down to Rousseau and since have seen and still see every question from a masculine point of view. This is the age par excellence in which the feminine point of view is rising in importance; woman is no more apparently the passive element of the race. It is now reluctantly conceded that she has some right; just how much everyone is endeavoring to define and divine, and sometimes they become entangled in a labyrinth of ornate figures of speech.

In the forcible—feeble utterance of a writer in the *Week* of 31st July, we have a case in point. She starts off to postulate a universal law to which there is one exception. This at the outset might preclude further perusal were it not so common a fallacy in the treatment of this subject. Concisely her primal statement is that like causes, under like conditions, produce like results, and to this she postulates an insular exception—woman she says is not subject to this law or any other. A huge joke, no doubt, but an unseemly one; originality is lacking in it—woman was exceptional always.

This mode of reasoning calls to memory a story I heard once of an old darky preacher, who was stating roundly from the pulpit that all women were possessed of seven devils. Some one in the church objected strongly to the same and challenged proof. "Now brodder didn't ur Land cast out seben debbils outer Mary Magdalum?" The objector admitted this to be true. "Well, did ur Lord cher cast seven debbils outer any ole woman?" Allowed that he had not, "well den," triumphantly shouted the old man, "ebery oder woman has de seben debbils yet." This was conclusive; as conclusive, I should say as the mode of reasoning indulged in by most opponents of "woman's rights."

Secondly, in order to give a resemblance of authority to the words, she quotes Amiel. Now few people are as yet familiar with this gentleman. He lived in Geneva, was a Professor of Moral Philosophy, wrote a journal, and died a few years ago. Mrs. Humphrey Ward has Englished the journal, and various men of letters have quoted passages from it, as is the proper thing to do in the literary world. An autocratic critic will call some man a thinker, and everybody then quotes him pell-mell. As it happens in this case, no more unreliable authority could have been selected; and the quotation marks might very properly have been extended, for the article is for the most part merely a rehash of H. T. Amiel's very commonplace opinions. He was himself the very embodiment of inconsistency—"a sphinx to man and a riddle to himself"—states so repeatedly in the journal. He was also "fugitive, indeterminable, irrational, and contradictory"—fugitive in that his mood changes with lightning rapidity; indeterminable in that he never knew just what he wanted (so whined with a persistency that stamped him as cultured); irrational in that emotion swayed him for the most part and not reason; contradictory in that he proves to his satisfaction on the next page what he has most satisfactorily disproved on the one before it. No special sense of humor is needed to relish the absurdity of quoting the words of such a being in proof of the exceptional inconsequence of woman. Nor need the moral conscience be unusually active in order to feel a righteous indignation that the name of Pope should be dragged in to introduce the subject; a manikin whose idea of the relationship of man and woman is so deplorably flagitious that it is a matter of surprise to me that polite *litterateurs* will quote him.

It is needless to assert that no exception is known to that postulate which forms the basis of every science and system of philosophy. Man has been for ages collecting facts; in this century he has managed to reduce empirical knowledge to scientific exactness. Sociology is a new science. We have projected an abstract theory of social life, and as fast as possible are adjusting the facts of social life and remodeling our conduct to fit our ideal. We claim this whole century for our talk of woman's rights.

Our English constitution is claimed to be the model for the world, yet under English law, as is well known to those who will pervert facts, until a few years ago a man was able to say to his wife, "What's yours is mine, and what's mine's my own." This, by right of the stronger, man has been enabled to say with impunity since history began. Man possessed woman—her children, born and unborn. With great strife and opposition was a mother's right to her baby wrung from a stiff-necked Parliament. She squeezed from it the inestimable boon of a legal right to her children until the seventh year. And because the agitation for a mother's divine right has shamed man into making these terrible sacrifices of prerogative, and for a moment in an eternity of time a wife has a slight—very slight—advantage over a husband's worldly goods (with all of which she has, however, been endowed by solemn pledge at the altar), because I say, for the first time, an empty form has taken in some substance, man shakes his head and talks of "unjust laws." "Flee greed, and choose equality," was the advice of Menander, that profound observer of mankind. Pleonexia or greed, the wishing and trying for the bigger share is the cause of much of the unhappiness that makes the world a wilderness.

Mere fatuous talk is this, of what a woman should or should not know. An early lesson all should learn is self-respect, and that education on this point is sometimes incomplete is brought too prominently to our notice in the article under criticism. Beneath contempt is any effort to slur motherhood; the function of a mother is too often the last refuge of the foolish; the woman who is fitted for motherhood, the supremest relation of life, is fitted, or ought to be, for all other relations of life. Most emphatically I agree with the writer that "the mission and the rights of women" can never be separate from "the mission and the rights of man," and so also I disagree when she inconsequently talks of a mission of "taking" for woman and a mission of "giving" for man. Between equals such a system would be impossible. By the same dreary kind of deception that leads the captive chipmunk to work ever happily in his revolving wheel, this unfortunate writer arrives continually at the old point of view. This is no new aspect of the question; the give and take, superior and inferior theory is more ancient than Moses, and in its way as great a curiosity in the modern world as "the royal mummy of King Rameses II."

That the state is dependent for its existence equally upon woman as upon man, is undeniable; her position therefore is as important as his. Woman's natural altruism continually cultivated has produced as effect a colossal egoism in man. This instinctive tendency to altruism, born of natural love, must be checked and an *equi poise* established with the egoistic impulse. Half the human race must no longer be sacrificed physically, mentally, morally to the other; such a course, it is now seen, has proved a very mountain of difficulty to the attainment of a higher life for the whole.

Yes, "woman's rights are synonymous with woman suffrage," possession of which is possession of the lever which moves society, and that is indeed what women want and most need. Also "the destiny of man and woman is one," so independent are they, so unthinkable are they apart, one implies the other as a natural co-relative. The highest happiness of each is the highest happiness of all. Liberty to affirm each his own essence must be had, liberty consonant with a like liberty for others; and to establish a perfect harmony for the working of the social machine is needed a science of sociology. The rule of the strong hand may once have been good; let people learn it is so no longer—that which the best human nature is capable of is within the reach of human nature at large.

We are sick of being fed with this love pabulum by man, but it is inexpressibly painful to have it administered by a woman. In this age of stern realities, of the rending of the veil from the face of the universe, man and woman must stand firmly hand in hand; "to be heavily overshadowed, to be profoundly insignificant has a depressing and benumbing effect on character." To fill the "clinging vine" ideal woman had crooked her back, doing the tortuous crawling act that has made her an object of pity and contempt to man in all ages. She has no need to crawl, to cling, however gracefully; she stands erect beside her brother, an oak, as he is an oak.

She should be no more an object of love than man. The characteristics that are lovable and admirable in the one are equally so in the other. Courage and chastity, the standard virtues, honesty and humility are to be cultivated in both—the refinements of manner, courtesy, tact and grace, are neither masculine nor feminine—the intellectual attributes are distributed by nature's impartial hand irrespective of sex. Why, O man, do you take pride in a function you share with those "who have no life within the brain?" Rather rejoice in and strenuously cultivate those qualities that constitute the humanity of man.

I believe that sympathy in the highest sense will be the bond of union between all units in an ideal society; and the intuition of woman and of all sensitive souls, poets, artists, musicians, is the incipient growth of that *thought speech* which will sometime be common to all.

In the Gospel of the Ebionites, much quoted in early Christian times, is a passage of surpassing beauty which synthesis so well the character of a society which might be born from above, that I cannot refrain from quoting it in conclusion: "And the Lord being asked when His kingdom would come answered and said, 'When two shall be one, when that which is without shall be that which is within, and when the male with the female shall be neither male nor female.'"

LAURA B. DURAND.

Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

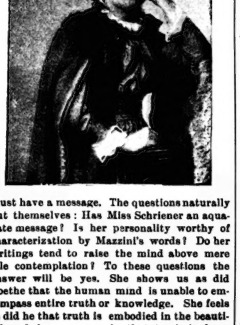
Miss Olive Schriener.

Critics have pronounced Miss Schriener to be the greatest English speaking woman writer of to day. This verdict is all the more worthy of thought because it is that of American critics, while Miss Schriener is a British subject and a colonist, a native of South Africa.

The verdict is one which may be disputed. The character of her work was sententiously criticized by a brilliant young lady of my acquaintance, who, in speaking of The Story of an African Farm, her one novel, said: "She gives us a great deal of herself, but then, it is such a grand self." On reading the novel mentioned, from an artistic point of view, it is with regret that we see so much artistic ability in the depiction of character marred by so many interpolations of metaphysical rhapsodies which throughout characterize the novel. But on these rhapsodies does the contention that she is the greatest woman figure in the literature of to-day rest.

The introduction of self, provided it is a self of more than ordinary dimensions, will always gain for an author a peculiar place in literature. Few men are unlike their fellows, says Howells, and it is with the greater interest that we trace the soul-workings of the few who stand apart and above and trace and see developed in them our own embryo or struggling thoughts. There are at least half-a-dozen American women writers who are as great artists as Miss Schriener, but who have not the striking self.

"One and all," says Mazzini, "like Herder, demand of the instinct of our conscience, a great religious thought which may rescue us from doubt. A social faith which may save us from anarchy, a moral inspiration which may embody that faith in action and keep us from idle contemplation. We ask this especially of those men in whom the scattered sentiments and aspirations of the multitudes are concentrated and harmonized with the highest intuition of individual conscience." He goes on to say that in times of calm thought, the thinker—the grand mind that stands above the common mass—"illumines that which is," and in other times of turbulent thought "must move devotedly onward before us, like the pillar of fire in the desert, and fathom for us the depths of that which shall be." In these times the speaker



must have a message. The questions naturally put themselves: Has Miss Schriener an aquadate message? Is her personality worthy of characterization by Mazzini's words? Do her writings tend to raise the mind above mere idle contemplation? To these questions the answer will be yes. She shows us as did Goethe that the human mind is unable to encompass entire truth or knowledge. She feels as did he that truth is embodied in the beautiful and her message is that truth is love, love, wide-spreading and all-encompassing; and the feather of its wing—to use her own simile—may be grasped by all as expressed in these, her own words:

"I see the vision of a poor weak soul striving after good. It was not cut short, and in the end it learned through tears and much pain, that holiness is an infinite compassion for others, that greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them, that happiness is a great love and much serving."

Miss Schriener illumines the thought sleeping in many hearts in these days, and with her clear words she not only illumines that which is, but she quickens the embryo that underlies *fin de siecle*-ism and points to the happiness which shall be in a united human brotherhood.

TOUCHSTONE.

Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

The Lovers' Litany.

Eyes of gray, a sodden quay.
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer wears to sea
In a parting storm of cheers.
Sing, for faith and hope are high,
None so true as you and I;
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of black, a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right;
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.
Cross that rules the southern sky!
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly,
Hear the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of brown, a dusty plain
Split and parched with heats of June,
Flying hoof and tightened rein,
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.
Side by side the horses fly,
Frame we now the old reply
Of the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of blue, the Simla Hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore.
"Mahal," "Offiora," "Good-by,"
Glamor, wine and witchery,
On my soul's sincerity
"Love like ours can never die!"

Maidens, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state
Four times Cupid's debtor I,
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.
Yet, despite this evil case,
And a maiden showed me grace,
Four-and-forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Whitman's Last Words.

"The Highest said: Don't let us begin so low—isn't our range too coarse—too gross? The Soul answer'd: No, not when we consider what is it all for—the end involved in Time and Space."—*An item from last page of "Good-By-a."*

H. Heine's first principle of criticizing a book was, What motive is the author trying to carry out, or express or accomplish? and the second, Has he achev'd it?

The theory of my Leaves of Grass as a composition of verses has been from first to last (if I am to give impromptu a hint of the spinal marrow of the business and sign it with my name), to thoroughly possess the mind, memory, cognizance of the author himself, with everything beforehand—a full armory of concrete actualities, observations, humanity, past poems, ballads, facts, technique, war and peace, politics, North and South, East and West, nothing too large or too small, the sciences as far as possible—and above all America and the present—after and out of which the subject of the poem, long or short, has been invariably turned over to his Emotionality, even Personality, to be shaped thence; and emerges strictly therefrom, with all its merits and demerits on its head. Every page of my poetic or attempt at poetic utterance therefore smacks of the living physical identity, date, environment, individuality, probably beyond anything known, and in style often offensive to the conventions.

This new last cluster, "Good-Bye, my Fancy," follows suit, and yet with a difference. The clef is here changed to its lowest, and the little book is a lot of tremolos about old age, death and faith. The physical just lingers, but almost vanishes. The book is garrulous, irascible (like old Lear), and has various breaks and even tricks to avoid monotony. It will have to be ciphered and ciphered out long—and is probably in some respects the most curious part of its author's baffling works.

From the Sauer-Kraut Barrel

Der roat dot dooks you to habbiness und plaindy gelt dand vas run a saloon droo.!

Please dot you dond put much trust in der time when you vas old peoples. Plaindy vas der efil dot day dhereof.

Dis vorldt vas a much big school-houses, vhere all der vickedness vas teeched, und you learn dot mit awful gwickness.

Vhen you follow der multitoot of peoples to efil please dot you dond fergot it dot der multitoot dond cood restore you dot good names vhich you once did hafe.

Awkward.

Trefether (who has built a small cottage as a surprise to his wife)—There, my dear what do you think of it?

Mrs. Trefether (who has piped off the wrong house)—Why, you angel, it's perfection! but I wish we could get the owner to tear down that miserable little shanty on the right.

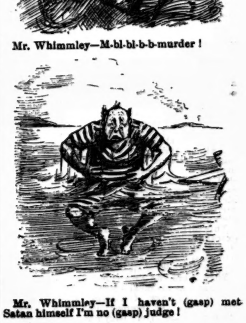
Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

A Submarine Battle.

Mr. Whimmley—Now for some real solid refreshment.

Biley the diver—(His helmet being closed, it is impossible to know what he is saying.)

Mr. Whimmley—M-bl-bl-b-b-murder!



Mr. Whimmley—If I haven't (gasp) met Satan himself I'm no (gasp) judge!

Biley—You come snoopin' 'round here any more an' I'll drownd yer!—*Judge.*

How Jack Hawker Met His Bride.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

By COMMANDER V. L. CAMERON.

Author of the Cruise of the Black Prince &c., &c.

Written for Toronto Saturday Night. All Rights Reserved.

"Life me up a bit, my lads, and then I shall be able to breathe easier, maybe, and to tell you what best you may do when I am gone, for I fear that Spaniard's knife did for me."

"Nonsense, man," said I; "why there's been many a worse wound than that where the man that got it has been on the fore topsail yard again before a month was past."

"Maybe, Jack, maybe," answered the wounded man, Thomas McAlpine. "There, there, that will do. Now don't care more about me, for my glass is nearly run out, and there's no hope for me to get out of this mess, though you, Jack, and Bob may weather through yet."

There were three of us in a small open boat on the wide Pacific, and only one sail in sight, and she was leaving us rapidly. Thomas McAlpine, who was evidently dying, a gray headed seaman of about fifty years of age, myself, Jack Hawker, and Robert Smithson, two lads of eighteen, McAlpine had been boatswain of the clipper ship Vandal, of Liverpool, bound from Swansea to Valparaiso with coals, on board of which I was an apprentice, and Robert Smithson, who had been found as a stowaway after leaving England, had been rated boy.

Rounding Cape Horn we had encountered heavy storms, which, however, the good ship Vandal had, through the skillful management of her master, easily weathered; but after getting into fine weather again and when we were congratulating ourselves on the prospects of soon reaching our port and somewhere having a run ashore, at daylight one morning smoke was seen coming up the main hatchway. Dense was the smoke, and it soon told us that our cargo of coals had become ignited, gained the mastery, and after five days and nights of battling for life, the captain decided on taking to the boats.

Unluckily, when this was decided upon, it was too late, and as the crew were employed hoisting out the long boat we discovered the place which sent the good ship Vandal to the bottom. Bob Smithson and myself had been lowered just before in the gig, and owing to a sudden heave he had missed hold with the boat hook and the ship had drifted some little distance away from us. We had got out a couple of oars and were pulling after her when the ship blew up. Fortunately for us, though fragments fell into the sea close by us, none struck the boat, and notwithstanding she was half filled with water by the wave raised by the ending of the Vandal, she was uninjured.

Without waiting to bail the boat out, we pulled with all our might to the scene of the wreck to save any of our shipmates who might possibly have survived. McAlpine was the only one we could find.

So far it may seem as if this was only the story of an ordinary wreck, such as is too often to be found in the daily papers under the head-ing "Wrecks and Casualties," and as my space is limited I spare you further remarks about the time we passed in the gig before we were picked up by a passing trader; for though bad enough to ourselves, the sufferings we passed through have been described time after time under "Shipwreck. Terrible Privations of the Survivors."

The after events, however, I believe are very much out of common, and I will endeavor to give a short description of them as they occurred.

When we picked up McAlpine we found that he had received but two slight stabbing injuries, and with his aid the boat was soon baled out and made as shipshape as possible. For a fort. night, however, we drifted about in the boat, and how we lived I scarcely know, and certainly for the last three or four days I believe neither I nor my companions had any real consciousness of what was occurring.

Then there was a misty knowledge of voices, and of being lifted out of the boat and being cared for.

I first remember clearly what happened about four days after we had been rescued, when a Kanaka boy brought into a roomy cabin, which was lighted from above, some soup to give us, and who, when I spoke to him, rushed on deck again, and then I heard talking, and presently a gray bearded man dressed in a linen suit, came to my cot, and said, in a broad Scotch accent:

"Eh, lad, but ye've had a sair tussle. Can ye tell me where ye came fra, and what mischance had happened till ye?"

I answered him with difficulty, for I was still very weak, and while we were talking, McAlpine and Smithson began to rouse themselves from the state of stupor they were in, and the former said:

"Surely I ken that voice. That maun be Donald."

The stranger started at hearing this. I will not bother my readers with Scottish fashion of speech of either him or McAlpine. He went over to the cot where the boatswain was, and looking steadily, said:

"Who are you that calls me Donald? It's many a long year since I have heard that name."

"It must be—it must be," said McAlpine. "You are my brother Donald!"

"Brither—I had but one—and he is dead long ago."

"No, not dead—" but here McAlpine's weakness overcame him and he fell back in his cot and relapsed into a state of coma.

A few days more and I and my shipmates were fairly recovered, and were able to come on deck. The vessel which had picked us up was a schooner, which had at one time been a trading vessel into a yacht; but though nothing that would conduce to comfort was lacking, the change had evidently been hastily made and the Juanita, for that was her name, still bore signs of her previous employment. She was owned by the elderly gentleman whom McAlpine had called Donald. He was in indeed his brother, though by the crew he was always called Don Pedro.

The first meeting of the two brothers was a most extraordinary one, and so was their history, as they told it to me. The real names of McAlpine and Don Pedro I would give to me give, but brief by their story was as follows.

They were the two eldest sons of a bonnet laird, and as his means were not sufficient for the maintenance of a large family, they managed to get employment in a shipping office at Leith. Here they had both got on remarkably well, and McAlpine had, at the time he was two-and-twenty, become the clerk engaged in seeing to shipments of goods, which constantly took him down amongst the shipping in Leith Roads, and sometimes away to Aberdeen, Glasgow and Newcastle. Donald was employed in the cashier's department, and it was his duty, in some cases, in the absence of those senior to him, to receive payments and give receipts for the same.

Once, when McAlpine was away at Glasgow, news came that his brother had been arrested for embezzlement, and the romantic idea came into his head to sacrifice himself in his place. He accordingly wrote to his employers that he was the guilty person, and that not being able to endure the disgrace he had made up his mind to commit suicide.

Of really committing suicide he had no idea; but making his way down to Greenock he went to the quay side one dark and rainy night, and having dressed himself in a suit of sailor's slops, he put his own coat and hat, another letter being in the pocket of the coat, on the ground, and threw his own clothes, weighted with stones, into the Clyde.

As soon as he had done this he raised an alarm that he had seen a man jump into the river, and when a crowd had collected he managed to slip away and get to a crimping den, by which him on board an outward bound timber ship which was sailing for the St. Lawrence the next day. When he arrived in Canada he left the timber dredger and shipped on board of an American coaster, which landed him in New Bedford. Here he got a berth in an American whaler bound for the Pacific. For years he drifted about the world as a seaman, always carefully avoiding British ports until just before the time he mentioned above, the "time he had ventured back to Leith in order to try and find out whether his brother was still alive, and if his sacrifice had been of any use.

He could not find any trace of his brother; even the firm which had employed them had disappeared. Disappointed he left Leith, and sailing to Swansea he shipped aboard the Vandal. Though he knocked about so long in the forecastle of a merchant ship, he had always kept himself aloof from the crowd: a disposition in which Jack ashore unfortunately so often indulges, and had kept up a habit of reading, taking a few well chosen books to sea with him in the manner of a man who usually known as the "Scotch Scholar," and nothing but a morbid sense of what was due to his volunteered sacrifice, would have made a criminal, though no one but himself knew anything of it, prevented him from being an officer, for he had acquired a good knowledge of navigation besides being as staunch and sterling a seaman as it has ever been my lot to meet.

His brother's history was a different one. He had been innocent of the crime laid to him, which, shortly after the letter which McAlpine had written had been received, was discovered to have been committed by the son of one of the partners in the firm. Enquiries, of course, were instituted to find out if the story of McAlpine's suicide were true, and the result was to confirm his own story, as his brother had to mourn his having thrown away his life needlessly for his sake.

The members of the firm, who were deeply affected, nevertheless thought it was an excellent opportunity to shield the honor of the son of one of the partners, and (though Donald or Don Pedro) for a long time stood out firmly against their proposals as wishing to clear the memory of his brother, who had given his life for his sake, after much insistence on their part accoded to them.

The proposals they made were these, viz.:—That Donald should receive a sum of five thousand pounds and leave the country, but in case his brother should not be actually dead he made it a point that he should be given a written declaration clearing them both of any imputation of guilt.

Spanish South America seemed to him the best place to employ his capital, and at Valparaiso there before it had been overrun by European and American speculators, he had prospered enormously, and had become a very rich man. Naturally he had cut himself off as much as possible from intercourse with English-speaking settlers, and had, after a time, become in many ways so much of a Spaniard that the Spanish community always regarded him as one of themselves.

About twenty years before our story begins he had married the only daughter of a Spaniard of old family and great wealth. When his father-in-law died Don Pedro found that he had left most of his very great fortune to his daughter, who only survived him a few months. The death of the old Don had happened only a year and a half before the events which form our story occurred.

By the marriage Don Pedro had had three children of whom only one was living, a beautiful girl of fifteen, called Juanita, after whom the schooner had been named, and who was aboard of her namesake.

The relations of Don Pedro's father-in-law were furious at the wealth, the bulk of which they thought should have passed into their hands, going to one whom they in their inmost hearts considered a stranger and a heretic, and finding that they could not by any legal means obtain possession of it, had tried to do so by fraud. Don Pedro had several times narrowly escaped assassination; twice his daughter had been waylaid and carried off, and only rescued from a life worse than death by her mother's force to a cousin of hers who bore the worst of characters. Don Pedro, though so long among Spaniards, had found that he could not fathomed their characters, and when he applied to some of those whom he considered his most intimate friends for advice and assistance, found that they were more with his enemies than with himself and his daughter.

Unable to endure this persecution, and knowing that if by chance he happened to kill one of his foes in self-defence, it would, by means of their interest, be twisted into a charge of assassination against himself, and that he would be sure to be murdered by process of law, and leave his daughter and her fortune wholly defenceless, he made up his mind to leave Valparaiso as soon and as secretly as possible.

Casting about in his mind how to effect this, he thought of an American merchant with whom he had considerable dealings, and decided upon taking him into his confidence. The American, who while possessed of considerable Yankee shrewdness, concealed under a rough exterior a warm and generous heart, cordially gave his help as soon as it was asked for. A large schooner which had come from Boston with a cargo of notions, was bought by him and fitted up as a yacht, ostensibly for himself, though the legal proprietorship, after being so acquired by him publicly, was privately made over to Don Pedro in the office of the British Consul, who willingly rendered all the assistance in his power, and promised all possible secrecy.

The acquisition of the yacht had been decided upon, as it would give Don Pedro the means of quitting Valparaiso and leaving no trail behind him. The necessary alterations and fittings were rapidly carried out, and all the wealth that Don Pedro could immediately realize without giving rise to suspicion was carried on board, part in bullion and jewels and part in paper securities, and stowed away in a large room constructed in what Don Pedro intended for his own cabin.

Of course Don Pedro could not be seen about the schooner at all this time, and indeed everything necessary was carried out by his loyal American friend, to whom he, before leaving, gave powers to realize the remainder of his property, to be remitted to him when he should have settled upon his future residence.

The finding of a crew was a more difficult matter; seamen indeed of all nations, heathen Chinee, Malay, Negro, English, American, Spaniard, Dane, or Swede, could easily enough be picked up in Valparaiso; but unfortunately the larger portion of them had either no character at all or a character about which the less we said the better. Silas Warner, Don Pedro's American friend, did the best that he could, but the foremast hands were a very rough lot; but as the mate he shipped an skipper was dependable he thought all might go well. Unluckily the day before that on which Don Pedro had intended to sail, the skipper went ashore, and was found lying dead in an unfrequented part of the town, evidently murdered by some desperado. Mr. Warner urged Don Pedro to put off his departure, but Don had twice been fired at in the preceding week, and said that he was rapidly being driven into madness by the constant necessity of keeping a vigilant guard over the safety of his daughter and himself, and insisted on sailing at once. A new skipper had to be found at a hot hurry, and the only man that could be obtained at such short notice was a Spaniard named Herero.

Up to the time when we were picked up, everything had apparently gone well, and the Juanita had sped merrily on her course towards Australia, and both the Don and his daughter enjoyed themselves.

As soon as we had recovered from the effects of the exposure and privations we had undergone, Smithson and I begged to be allowed to take our share in the work of the schooner: McAlpine, of course, nothing was too good for in the sight of his brother and his niece, and he dropped into his new position as foreman of the owner of the yacht, quietly and easily, as if he had never in his life roughed it in the forecastle of a merchant ship.

McAlpine insisted that I should join the cabin mess, as being the son of a gentleman. My father, I may say, was a poor country parson, with a large family and a small living, who had gladly accepted the chance of providing for one of his brood, when the owners of the Vandal, one of whom lived in his parish, offered to article me as an apprentice without the payment of any premium. Smithson was given into the care of the steward, as we could not condemn him to the companionship of the crew forward, of whom only two were Englishmen, the others being two S'a Leone negroes and eight Spaniards, or Portuguese I am not sure which, for not understanding their outlandish lingoes, I could never distinguish between them, as well as for one Dane, one Swede and a Frenchman. Besides the skipper, Herero, there were two mates, both Chilians, and these three had a mess together.

Soon after I had, according to my wish, begun to keep watch, I noticed that, and especially at night, the steering was very bad, and that the schooner was often off her proper course, that sail was shortened on every possible excuse, and often without excuse at all; that sheets and halyards were continually carrying away, and consequently the day's run was often very much short of what it should have been. If Herero and his mates also was to my mind slovenly and careless, but when I spoke to McAlpine about it he told me I could not expect foreigners to do things shipshape and British fashion.

McAlpine, indeed, was so delighted at the meeting with his brother that he had no thought for anything else. He read with avidity for hours daily, for his brother, like himself, had a fondness for books, and in his hurried escape from Valparaiso had not forgotten to have a goodly supply of his favorites sent aboard the yacht.

Sometimes, while the two brothers were together talking of old days or indulging in bright hopes for the future, I had the opportunity of enjoying the companionship of Juanita. Though still a girl, she had the appearance and the mind of a mature woman, and I, though two or three years older than she was, felt quite boyiike in her presence, though this did not prevent me from falling deeply and madly in love with her.

Her father and uncle did not seem to mind this; in fact I think they were both so happy that they were content that everyone else should enjoy themselves in their own way.

The time passed quickly enough and one day when Herero came up reported that some of the water casks had been leaking, and that it would be necessary for us to put in at one of the South Sea Islands for a fresh supply. We all looked upon it as a pleasant excuse for prolonging our voyage, and Juanita and I amused ourselves with trying to imagine what the coral islands of which we had read such romantic descriptions were really like.

Our happy calm was soon to be rudely disturbed. One evening, as I was lounging over the weather bulwarks just before the main rigging, Smithson came to me and said:

"I have something to tell you, but we must take care no one hears us."

I said, "Why, what's up? Is the ship overboard, or what?"

"It's no laughing matter," he replied.

I looked him full in the face and saw that he looked as if he were frightened out of his wits. so walking a short way aft I sat down with him on a coil of rope and told him to tell me his story.

"It's just this; we are all to be murdered and robbed, and then sent adrift in a boat. It will be worse than being in the gig after the Vandal blew up."

Briefly his story was this: He had overheard two Englishmen who were among the crew talking together, and from their conversation he gathered that one was a escaped convict, who had been a bushranger, beachcomber, and probably pirate; while the other, though not such a past master in villainy as his companion, was ready to supply any deficiencies in his education in wickedness as were possible. He, too, had been a beachcomber for some time, and had also been engaged in what is called by courtesy the labor trade.

These two fellows were engaged in concocting a plot how to manage to get the schooner and Don Pedro's wealth out of the hands of Herero after that worthy had disposed of the rightful owner and made away with all of us, except Juanita, who was to be part of Herero's share of the plunder.

Herero, it appeared, was connected in some way with the people who had driven Don Pedro from South America, and the murder of the other skipper was part of a plot they had got up to render themselves masters of Juanita and the valuables aboard the yacht.

Herero, it appeared, from what Smithson had overheard, intended to play his associates false, and make himself master of the schooner, of the wealth, and of Juanita. The two English ruffians had fallen into his plans readily, and so had the remainder of the crew. Although Herero had hitherto been the man who had not told the men of the large amount of property which was on board the vessel, but had promised them that it should be about twenty dollars, which he had promised to divide equally among the crew, he taking the same share as any other, save and except that Juanita was to fall to his share in addition to the money.

Jem Butcher and Bill Giles, as the two English ruffians were called, had put their heads together, and did not think that Herero would run the risk of a halter for a few hundred dollars, and a girl, however beautiful, and had come to the conclusion that he was looking for a bigger prize, and was acting falsely to the mates.

"Why," Smithson had heard Butcher say, "I've spent more on one pipe after a good haul than this black faced Spaniard would give us now. It's my opinion he wants us to do the fighting, to collar the swag for him, and then off with a few dirty dollars; and then there's the girl, too. Law, the first stretch I ever did was along of a girl like that, and I'd like to make this fal lal bit of stuff do servant to me, if she wouldn't I'd whip her into it. I say, old mate, it would be a fine time on one of these islands along of a girl like that."

To reproduce the conversation of these two would be impossible, so garnished with oaths and obscenity. But the plan was to allow Herero and the Spanish part of the crew to seize the yacht, and then, with the aid of the two negroes, to murder them, and afterwards to kill the negroes, and, as all the crew joined in themselves, though I have small doubt that both Giles and Butcher, each in his own mind, was fully determined to get rid of his partner in guilt as soon as possible.

My blood boiled when I thought of the possibility of Juanita falling into the power of such ruffians as these two men were, and telling Smithson to keep watch and to give an alarm instantly if he saw anything suspicious, for it was evident from what he had heard that the time was drawing near for Herero to carry his plan into execution, went and told the two brothers what Smithson had heard.

They were much alarmed, and determined at once to make preparations for a practical defence when the attack should be made. Right aft in the run was the sailroom, which had a scuttle leading to the upper deck which could only be unfastened from below, and in the lower part of this sailroom was a tank which, on examination, proved to be full of fresh water, so that danger from thirst was not to be feared. This sailroom had a stout bulkhead, with a small square door, and could only be reached through the after cabin, which was the one in which Don Pedro had his strong box constructed. Next forward to this again was the companion, and a cabin on either side, in which McAlpine and I had our berths; forward of this was the saloon and Juanita's cabin, which was the best and largest in the schooner; and beyond this servants' accommodation, the whole of which, all living forward in cabins which had been built in what had been cargo space before the vessel was converted into a yacht.

It was at once decided to line the bulkhead of Don Pedro's cabin with sails and coils of rope from the sailroom, which was cleaned out and made as comfortable as possible for the reception of Juanita and her nurse, who had been her mother's maid when she was married, and was thoroughly devoted to her young mistress.

These preparations were made without any suspicion arising, for the boatswain willingly consented to my taking his trick for him, and no one coming right aft the slight noise made by the two brothers, who were assisted by Smithson and the steward, an old servant of Don Pedro.

Juanita, like the brave girl she was, entered into the work in the spirit, and her woman's ingenuity suggested many things which afterwards proved of great use.

Arms were a difficulty, for there were only a couple of old revolvers and a rifle in the possession of Don Pedro, and the stock of ammunition for these was very small; and indeed the possession of these seemed to be of defence was more a matter of good luck than good management.

That night and the next day passed quietly; but after keeping the first watch I was relieved by Smithson, and sat down on the skylight, not intending to go below for some little time, and must have dozed off, for I was awakened by a bread bag being put over my head and my arms being pinioned behind my back. I heard Smithson cry out, and then there was a scuffle and some shots were fired. I was carried off and put in a boat which hung at the quarter deck, and then the boat was lowered, though I heard Butcher saying it was best to kill us both, for no luck ever came of mercy. Fortunately his advice was not listened to, and McAlpine, who had rushed on deck at the first alarm, and been received by a stab from the ruffian Herero, was carried down to the top of the companion, was also passed into her before she was cut adrift.

Notwithstanding his wound McAlpine managed to release Smithson and me from our bonds, but had scarcely done so before he fainted from pain and loss of blood, and it was not until sunrise that we were able to restore him to his senses.

While we had been in the neighborhood of the schooner we heard occasional shots and took them as a sign that Don Pedro had not been overcome, but with Juanita, her nurse and the steward had managed to secure himself in our improvised fortress.

McAlpine told Smithson and myself that the best thing we could do was to get a mast and sail up and run down the trades, when we must soon pick up some island, but that we were to be careful and not get too close to the weather side, but to go round to leeward where there would be less surf and plenty of openings in the coral reef by which we might get safely to land. Next he told me to try and get a vessel to proceed in chase of the Juanita, which, he thought, would probably make for the Solomon Islands, though he feared it would be too late to save his brother and niece from the fate which awaited them at the hands of the ruffians aboard.

"There's over a hundred thousand pounds aboard and you may offer thirty thousand as a reward if she is captured in time, for that my brother gave me and I doubt not he would take it fifty thousand," he said, and then gave me directions about finding out if any of his relations survived in case we were unable to rescue Don Pedro and Juanita, and telling them how the property which had been left for Silas Warner to realize.

Hardly had McAlpine completed his instructions to me before he was seized with a fit of coughing, which brought up quantities of blood, and a few moments after the cough ceased, he expired without being able to say another word.

Smithson and I arranged the body as decently as we could in the sternsheets of the boat, and that being done we rigged up an oar as a mast and with a boathook as a yard, and spread a sail made of our shirts and the breadbags which had been shoved over our heads when we were surprised.

By this time the Juanita was out of sight, and we were apparently alone for the second time on the wide Pacific with neither food nor water; indeed we were in a worse plight than after the wreck of the Vandal, for then we had McAlpine alive to help us, and now, alas! there was but his corpse as our companion.

Fortunately this time we had not to endure such cruel hardships as on previous occasion, for next morning we were picked up by the Wild Swan, British man-of-war, of six guns, which had been transferred from the Pacific to the Australian Station.

We were taken aboard, and the body of McAlpine was reverently committed to the deep. The captain of the Wild Swan, on hearing my story, determined to proceed in chase of the Juanita, and at first made use of steam as well as canvas in the hope of overtaking her, but owing to the stock of coal remaining short he was not able to continue this for long. One or two whalers which we sighted and signalled reported having seen the Juanita, and that they had noticed nothing amiss. Evidently we were on her track, and McAlpine's idea that the pirates would make their way to the Solomon Islands was correct.

When we got close to this group, after five days cracking on, we found we were close upon our quarry, for a sandal wood schooner which we met early the same morning we made our landfall, reported having seen a large schooner running under the lee of one of the islands, and that seeing her rigging and sails were in disorder had failed to offer assistance, which had been refused.

Steam was now again got up, and the mast-

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who went, and as we drew close to the wreck we saw that the fire was apparently only in the forepart of the schooner, though it was making its way aft. As the boat's crew drew near three men, two whites and a black, were seen to quit the wreck and rush across the sandy beach on which she was lying to try and reach the fringe of jungle which boarded it; both the whites, however, were speared before they could reach it by a band of natives who were lying in ambush, and the black, who turned from them to seek refuge with us, was wounded by an arrow as he ran.

In a moment we were alongside the schooner, and I rushed to the companion and called:

"Juanita—Don Pedro—are you alive?" and was rejoiced beyond measure to hear an answer in the affirmative. I said, "You are safe. I'm Jack Hawker, and the men of an English man-of-war are on board."

In a few moments Don Pedro, Juanita, and the two servants were on deck, and Juanita and I, regardless of all around us, indulged in a long embrace.

To clear the treasure out of the cabin was our first work, and embark it in the boats, together with our rescued friends, and the wounded negro, who was made a prisoner in order that he might stand his trial for piracy. He never came to trial, for in less than a week he died in awful torture from tetanus.

From Don Pedro and the negro we learned what had occurred since the night of the se zure of the schooner. The pirates, secure of their prey, as they thought, had soon come to blows among themselves, and when we was beached only the two Englishmen and this negro survived. This tallied with what Smithson had overheard when we first suspected the plot.

When the schooner was run ashore, these miscreants set her on fire in the hopes of driving Don Pedro and his companions out of their retreat without any risk to themselves. Fortunately Don Pedro, knowing the desperate character of the wretches he had to deal with, had decided to hold on as long as possible, and with his companions to shoot themselves sooner than fall into their enemies' hands. Our arrival prevented this dread intention being carried out, and it was with hearts overflowing with gratitude that they went aboard the Wild Swan. Don Pedro more than carried out McAlpine's promise as to the reward, for though the captain and crew of the man-of-war would not at first hear of taking any, insisted until they yielded that they should accept the sum of sixty thousand pounds, with the permission of the Admiralty, which was readily granted.

In due time we arrived in Australia, and from there we soon came home to England. Don Pedro desired me to give up the sea and paid for me at Oxford, and when I had taken my degree he allowed Juanita and me to be married.

The property left under charge of Silas Warner realized an amount which I am afraid to state, but both Don Pedro's relations and his own benefited largely by his generosity; nor was Smithson forgotten, for he was, having the love of the sea ingrained in him, properly apprenticed, and when his examinations Don Pedro bought a large share for him in a good shipping company, and his career since has been happy and prosperous.

As for myself and Juanita, we are the happiest of the happy, and Don Pedro is the best of fathers and grandfathers, though his greatest love seems to be given to our first-born, a boy, who was named Thomas McAlpine, in memory of him who suffered so long, and at last gave his life for the sake of his brother.

THE END.

Next week: THAT DREADFUL NIGHT, by Sarah Doudney, author of When We Two Parted, etc.

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It may be too soon properly to estimate his military abilities. We are perhaps too near to the war, too familiar with the actors themselves, and with the local and temporary tradition about their doings; we are perhaps too much interested in them to be able to be thoroughly impartial. Yet the contemporary generation possesses certain manifest advantages for coming to a correct judgment of the men and affairs of its day which cannot, in the nature of things, be possessed by the generations that come after. The men of the time cannot easily be grossly deceived or greatly mistaken. They have not gained all their knowledge from books. When they do read about the events through which they have passed, they know something about the writers of the books and their qualifications, and something about the events themselves from sources independent of the books. Eye-witnesses and direct testimony count, and ought to count, for a good deal.—*Atlantic.*

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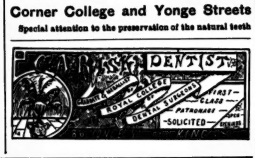

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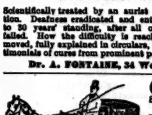

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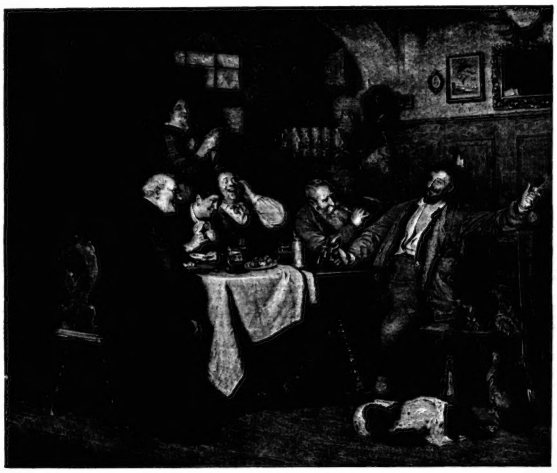

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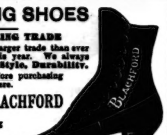

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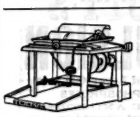

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FUNERAL MARCH

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We carry everything found in a first class music house, and all the most POPULAR VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC carried in stock.

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A Severe Twist.

Miley—What th'—how'd yer——

Greeley—A bloke jest kicked me down them spiral stairs in th' shot-tower!—*Judge.*

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

The concert at the Amphitheater last Friday (the 7th) was a very good one, the only unpleasant feature of the evening being the announcement that Professor S. Clark, who, with his pathos and humor, has so often charmed his audience, would appear that evening for the last time this season. The news was received with general and heartily expressed regret, for the recitals given once or twice a week by the talented elocutionist have added greatly to the success of the Chautauqua entertainments, and he will be very much missed during the remainder of the season. Friday's programme consisted of songs by Mr. W. E. Ramsay, who as usual was most enthusiastically encored upon each appearance; one or two piano solos by Mrs. Ramsay; reading and recitals by Professor Clark, and Mrs. Adelaide Flint-Secord, who as an elocutionist has already made her appearance most successfully in some of the larger cities of the United States and Canada; little Miss Hamilton, who gave a most graceful exhibition of dumb-bell swinging; Mrs. Thompson, whose solos were all heartily encored, especially the beautiful song, Ring the little song, Daddy; and two songs, Over the Mountains, and The Village Blacksmith by Mr. Shaw. It is safe to predict a most successful and brilliant career in the musical world for the last mentioned youth, who little more than a boy still, has a rich, sweet tenor voice which has as yet received no cultivation, but which, under proper training, would in a few years probably rival some of the best tenors of the day. Mrs. Secord wore a white satin dress with a diamond pin, while Mrs. Thompson appeared in a soft clinging white cashmere. In the audience I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilkinson, Miss M. Wilkinson, Miss Blake, Miss Ethel Radcliffe, Miss Paffard, Miss B. Paffard, Miss Mabel Paffard, Mrs. R. Ball, Mr. Charles and Mr. P. Ball, the Misses Heward, Rev. N. and Miss Winnie Smith, Mr. R. Warren, Miss Toller, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. and Miss Milloy, Mr. C. Milloy, Capt. and Mr. G. Toller, Mr. A. Downey, Miss C. Ferry, Miss M. Gale, Mrs. and Miss Marion McKeane, Mr. and Miss E. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ball.

The usual familiar faces were at the Chautauqua hop last Wednesday evening, with the pleasant addition of a small party from St. Catharines, including, among others, Miss Bates, Miss Souter, Mrs. George Hamilton, Mr. Fuller, Mr. C. Stirling, and Miss Woodruff.

Mr. Plummer's yachts and the Iona, Cygnet, Kelpie and Verve were anchored in the harbor last Sunday. Two or three of them were overtaken by the terrific storm which swept over the town, but fortunately none suffered any irreparable damage. One was driven into a sand bar, and the others for some time unable to enter the river, were swept past the American fort into the lake beyond, but escaping the loss of the Kelpie's dingy and a few torn sails they all weathered the storm marvellously well. All the ladies on board the yacht from Hamilton, which ran aground, appeared at the hotel later in a most deplorably drenched condition, but thankful that they had escaped to appear in any condition whatever. The gale was terribly heavy and yachts more frail could never have passed through a storm and anchored safely in the harbor.

The following list of events for the annual tournament at the Queen's next week may be interesting to many: Gentlemen's singles two prizes—the first being the Queen's Royal cup, offered by the Queen's Royal Hotel, to be the property of the gentleman twice winning first place. The international doubles is open to contestants from the Dominion, the United States and Great Britain, the gentlemen composing the doubles to be of the same nationality. Gentlemen doubles—one prize. Veteran singles—for gentlemen forty-five years of age and over. Singles for those who have never won in any tournament—Mr. Jas. Ryan. This to be conducted under the rules of the M. C. C. and A. E. L. T. C., and the drawing on the Bagnall-Wyld system. This, of course, will be the gay and fashionable week of the season. A grand concert and ball on Thursday and a ball on Saturday will bring the three days' gaiety to a close. Mr. H. Lansing, who this year is secretary, is doing all in his power to make the tournament even a greater success than it has been in former years. His efforts will no doubt be crowned with the satisfactory results they merit.

The intense heat of Saturday evening rather interfered with the pleasure of those who attended the hop at the Queen's. The ball-room was not by any means crowded even at the beginning of the evening, and by ten or half-past it was almost deserted, except for twenty or thirty young devotees of the dance who tripped and undismayed through an atmosphere which must have registered somewhere about 90° or 100°. The rest of those who had appeared early in the evening chose iced lemonades and claret cup on the veranda in preference to dancing, finding the latter almost an impossibility. A few of those present were: Mrs. and Miss Marian McKeane, Miss Fannie Smith, Mr. Coulson, Mr. H. Hunter, Miss Ferry, Mr. M. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson, Mr. E. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Foy, Miss King, Miss Foy, Miss Folwell, Miss Foy, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mrs. and Miss B. Paffard, Mr. H. Lansing, Miss M. Burnett, Mr. and Miss M. Gale, the Misses Heward, Mr. Arthur Meagher, Mr. Bankier, Mr. G. Toller, Miss K. Ball, Mr. P. and Mr. Ernest Ball, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mr. Gurney, Mr. and Miss E. Russell, the Misses Bennett, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Fox, Mr. R. Ball, Mr. A. Downey, Mr. B. Hostetter, Mr. L. Neiles, Mr. Gillespie.

Miss M. McKeane and Miss Ferry returned to Hamilton on Monday.

Miss E. McKeane of Hamilton is at Doyle's.

The churches were almost deserted last Sunday. A short time before the hour for service, both morning and evening, the most severe wind and rain storms the town has ever known swept over it. Only thirteen of St. Andrew's congregation braved the elements, while at St. Mark's the choir seats in the morning were empty, and only thirty-five or forty of the congregation were in their places. In the evening it was even worse. The church was almost in darkness owing to some accident having happened to the electric lights, and a splendid sermon delivered by Mr. F. Baldwin was listened to by only about twenty-five or thirty pious souls who had absolutely battled their way to the church through blinding sheets of rain and wind which brought great forest trees down, and uprooted shrubs and smaller fruit trees, making the streets almost impassable and, in the inky blackness, decidedly dangerous for those endeavoring to grope their way homeward. Viewed from the Queen's the scene was grand in the earlier part of the evening—in some instances, ludicrous—as the chairs from the verandas and terraces flew over the ground like dead leaves before the wind. There was scarcely a lawn where there were not huge trees or branches strewn thickly, but luckily no serious accident of any kind occurred.

Mr. Wilmot Strathy took the organ at St. Mark's Sunday last. It was a matter of regret that owing to the storm so many were unavoidably absent, thereby missing a great musical treat.

The children at the Queen's and a number of little invited guests enjoyed a very pleasant cob web party last Friday evening. The festival soon, as usual, was the scene of excitement, numbers of grown people being present to watch the enjoyment of the juveniles.

Miss Annie Morson is the guest of Mrs. Morgan Baldwin.

Some of those who spent Sunday last and the civic holiday in town were: Mr. Frank Smith, Mr. Arthur Paffard, Mr. F. Gale, Mr. Ernest Ball, Mr. M. Boyd, Mr. Arthur Meagher, Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Frank Strathy, Judge Morson, Mr. P. and Mr. J. Russell, Mr. W. Jones, Mr. H. Hunter.

Mr. E. Jones, who has been the guest of Mr. G. Foy, has returned to Toronto.

Miss Bickford of Gorevale registered at the Queen's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bowes of Toronto spent Sunday last with relatives in town.

Mr. W. Syer has returned to the Anchorage.

Mrs. J. O. and Mr. Gordon Heward are at Doyle's.

Mr Bryan of St. Louis is the guest of Mr. J. Lewis.

The Misses Bennett of New York are at Doyle's.

Although it must necessarily end soon, the season is only just beginning to be fairly gay. Small tennis parties, euchre, riding, driving and croquet parties are becoming numerous, and the usual sea-side and summer-resort flirtations are making themselves apparent.

Captain R. G. Dickson of Galt spent a day or two in town the latter part of last week.

Mrs. H. Hewgill left a week or two ago for St. Louis to visit his sister, Miss Constance Hewgill, who her many friends will regret to hear has been very ill in that city. The latest accounts report her better. GALATEA.

BIG BAY POINT, LAKE SIMCOE.

The following registered at the Robinson House during the last week: Mr. John Metcalf of Pengrove; Mr. C. S. Hunter, P.M. of Painswick; W. J. Irwin, wife and child of Toronto; Miss Maggie Irwin of Toronto; A. C. Irwin, Mrs. John Irwin, family and nurse, H. W. Irwin of Toronto; Mr. D. Crawford, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Crawford, Mr. J. Crawford of St. Louis; Mrs. D. O. Hill and children of Chicago; Miss Hynes of Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Fred Stevenson of Barrie; Miss McDougall of Toronto; Miss Lily of Stony Cherry Island; Miss Aggie Harold, Miss Jennie Granger, Mr. G. Hambley, Mr. S. E. Walton, Mr. F. W. and Mr. C. H. Bastoun, Miss Ettie Curry, Mr. J. Irwin of Toronto; Mr. W. C. Kennedy, Mr. A. J. Slaven of Orillia; Mr. H. W. Irwin, Miss Gertrude Robinson of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jary of Craighurst; Mr. George F. Hawrth, Mrs. Ansell, Mrs. B. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Reid and children, J. S. Cohen, Mrs. Davis, sen. of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Belfoy, Miss S. Cameron, Miss Annie Bell, Miss Annie Lawrie and Messrs. E. R. Jameson and George Bogart spent Sunday last with Mr. W. Bogart.

Mr. Robinson has equipped his post office with a neat little wooden letter-box with the inscription "V.R." and "Post Office" in red and blue pencil on the face of it. Mr. Robinson is one of the most obliging officers in the service.

A large number from the Point joined the excursion of the Barrie Lacrosse Club on Wednesday last to Beaverton to witness the match between those two clubs.

The regatta in Barrie took away a number from the Point on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Mr. E. B. Compton of Brantford spent Sunday last at Mr. Fred Smith's camp.

ST. CATHARINES.

St. Catharines has been nearly deserted by the youth and beauty of the city. Mrs. Neelon of Ontario street has taken up her abode at Bar Harbor, and Muskoka and Cacouna are being well patronized by the residents of the Garden City. Down on a point dotted with huge pines and century circled oaks and extending out into the cool waters of Lake Ontario near the Fifteen Mile Creek, one is found one of the most excellently equipped camps of good-natured chaperones, pretty young ladies and jovial fellows that can be found anywhere.

In the still starry night the lone fisherman attends to his nets near the mouth of Port Dalhousie to catch the unwary white fish, and is made happy by the concourse of sweet music and singing proceeding from the merry party gathered around the distant camp fire. The party is made up of Mesdames Mack, Helliwell, Benson, and Howard Helliwell, Miss Alabaster, Miss Alma Harper, Miss Tug of Brooklyn, Mrs. Muttenberger of Chicago, Miss Carrie Mack, Messrs. Howard, Helliwell, Prescott, Merritt, Harper, Percy Helliwell and others. Fishing, boating, riding and driving assist to amuse the happy throng.

Notes from the Wild Garden.

In popular acceptation, the soul of the flower resides in its perfume. But certain loveliest flower-souls sometimes exercise singular repellences for individuals of the human family. There have been those, even, who could not endure the fragrance of the rose. To my knowledge, one observer finds the scent of lilacs an unpleasant reminder of the odor of escaping gas. Another makes no distinction between the breath of mignonette and the smell of fresh cormneal. To me the scent of the thistle is identical with that of the bumble-bee sprawling luxuriously among its purple filaments; and the first time the delicate, feathery flowers of the beach plum were brought me, surely their odor was the same I had noted in downy chicks and nestling birds!

Beside the gratification which flowers provide for the sense of sight and the sense of smell, there is another and distinct pleasure—that which is conveyed in the contact of a flower; as in a subtle spray of lilacs brushing against your face, the dabbling touches of the snowball, the tender coolness of apple blossoms dashed with rain, the refined sleekness of the lily, which gave an old-time poet contemporary to describe his lady's hand; so smooth, so white, so soft it was, "as it had worn a lily for a glove." Further tactile differentiation is to be found in the velvet, the half-moist touch of the rose (so unlike the quality of the lily petal), in the viscid saltriness of the poppy and the petunia, in the tissuey thinness and dryness of the larkspur blossom.

If flowers might but speak—as the intent and listening looks of certain flowers almost suggest they might—or if one might but speak to a flower, calling it by name, and it would recognize the voice, like a pet bird, how such a touch of conscious intelligence would further endear the precious vanishers! Yet I sympathize with the lady who told me she felt a thize with the lady who told me she felt a pang touching her orchid show somewhat abruptly because too closely followed by the elfin eyes and mischievous innuendoes of these curious lovely exotics. Nor is it difficult to understand the haunted feeling of reproach experienced by my little neighbor, a child who had stolen some roguish pansies, and who was heard to cry out as she threw them away, "There! will you stop calling me 'thief!'" Some plants are born sorcerers, and require no Medea to release their potencies. Such, to my fancy, is the bloodroot, with its innocent-faced milk-white blossom and its red-bleeding root. Such is the Indian pipe (monotropa), ever an unchaste spirit, with not a drop of green blood in its veins. Also of this necromatic order is the mandrake, and I have spent many a quarter of an hour over a woodside knoll where this plant appeared in all stages of vernal development; first, pale green waxen cones (as pushing through the mould; next, with the appearing of the round flower-bud, little musing acolytes with bowed shaven heads and mantles drawn tightly over their shoulders; and last, the deeply notched leaf, now loosened from the stem about which it had been folded, diminutive mandarins, with their umbrellas half or fully spread to the warm sun. I have, however, at times known the most familiar, homely and serviceable plants to exercise spells of the enchanter. One summer, having my study in an old house through whose broken window entered a weak, pallid, yard-long spray of grapevine, it grew to me, as I sat by my little table at work, that this branch strove with all its feeble powers to reach me and petition for support. I even fancied a slight oscillation moved it (when there was no stir in the air), and that if I would patiently hold out to it my little finger the vine-branch might in a few hours clasp it with grateful tendrils. Had it done so, who knows whether its spell might ever have been reversed and I released from durance?—*Edith M. Thomas.*

Verging on the Ridiculous

ARE THE PRICES QUOTED BY

THE BON MARCHE

For the month of August. Keen buyers can well be excused if they are doubters until they handle the goods. These prices, when seen in cold type, are enough to confound the practical purchasers. However, thousands have secured bargains and can corroborate the statement that OUR LAST CLEARING SALE OF SUMMER GOODS for this season is the greatest ever known or heard of in the history of the Dry Goods Trade.

Black Lace Grenadine - Fast Color English Prints - Printed Challies Delaine -	5c worth 10c	Plain Dress Satins Heavy Boating Serges - All-wool Dress Serges -	15c worth 25c
Cream Chambray - - - Fancy Flannelette - - - Fast Color Dress Ginghams	5c worth 10c	Plain Pongee Silks - Double Fold Grenadine French Opera Flannel	20c worth 30c
Real Scotch Ginghams - Best Fancy Seersucker - Checked Swiss Muslin -	5c worth 10c	Printed Pongee Silks Pure Silk Surahs Black Cashmeres	25c worth 40c
Check Costume Tweeds Double Width Chambray Black Nuns' Veiling	10c worth 20c	Double Fold Serges - Silk Finished Lustres - Striped Bengaline -	25c worth 40c
Heavy Stripe Skirting - Stripe Linen Drill - - Fr'ch Cambrics for Blouses	10c worth 20c	46 in. All-wool Cashmeres Silk Finished Henriettas Colored Silk Moire -	35c worth 50c

MASON & RISCH

Extend a cordial invitation to the musical public to inspect their warerooms, which have just been decorated and remodelled on a scale (and they trust with a degree of taste) worthy of the art manufacture of which they are prominent representatives. The celebrated portrait by Joukouvsky of the great tone master,

DR. FRANZ LIZST

has now been placed in the most favorable position (as to light) which it has yet occupied, and its magnificent qualities as a work of art may now be appreciated to a degree hitherto not possible.

The warerooms are now filled with a MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY of pianos of their own manufacture, to which especial attention is also called.

32 KING ST. WEST

CREME DE VENUS

FOR THE COMPLEXION

CREME DE VENUS has no equal. It readily removes skin blemishes such as

FRECKLES, TAN, BROWN SPOTS, Etc.

Where the skin is injured through the use of poisonous preparations, Creme de Venus will restore it to a healthy condition. It is not a Cosmetic, but a scientific remedy.

HAVE YOU A HEADACHE?

TRY GERMAN HEADACHE POWDER. Instant relief is guaranteed. This powder contains neither antipyrine nor any opiate. Its action is reliable and perfectly harmless.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THOSE STANDARD REMEDIES.

German Headache Powder

The Problem of Life.

The man of nineteenth-century culture, with his larger insight into the loom of physical forces, and his feebler spiritual vision, when he comes to take up his life's problem in earnest, is apt to see himself as a weak nomad amid the overwhelming powers without him, and as a mere eddy in the tide of blind forces. He is beset with dark mysteries and insoluble riddles, as he overhangs for a little the dread abyss which seems, Saturnlike, to devour all its offspring. He feels depressed by his position, in the grasp of the inevitable, and at the mercy of external circumstances. The light of consciousness seems lit for him only the better to discover the gloom of his situation. And though, as some assert, he may have some small power to determine his own course amid the complex currents, and though there may be for him a right and a wrong direction to steer, why should he try to buffet with the mighty currents that carry down all alike to speedy silence and forgetfulness? The logical result of the naturalism of the day is pessimism and despair. But when "he comes to himself," when he gets some insight into his true self and his true life, man can measure himself correctly against the rest of nature. His conscious Ego is something else than a mere incident in the on-rushing current of physical forces. Small as he feels himself to be, when confronted with the mighty powers of nature, there is that in man to which all nature turns and on which it all in some sense depends. Nature looks to man's consciousness for the true interpretation. The great key to all the truth about nature and about matter, lies in our Ego; the key to our higher nature lies not in matter: and when the new science arises, founded upon the priority of consciousness to matter, and on a true analysis of consciousness, we shall see something still more glorious than this all-embracing web of material development, which is the boast of modern science. There is that in man's personality which makes all nature unsubstantial. That alone possesses the possibility of permanence. All else on earth is fleeting and phenomenal—forms which pass away forever, in the flux of matter, and the evolution of new forms; all else in "the world passeth away," was written of old, "but he that doeth the will of the Lord endureth forever." It is personality—that personality which wills in conformity with the Supreme Will, which has true permanent life. —*John Wilson.*

A Genuine Nobleman.

Lucinda—It is my painful duty to tell you, Arabella, that this man who represents himself to you as an Italian count is an impostor. I have learned that he was formerly a barber in Rome.

Di Perguini—Ah, precisely so madame. And the Royal Umberto made me count because I shaved him every day and not talked him to death.

33 - DANCING - 33

Prof. Davis

WILL OPEN HIS

33rd SEASON

BEGINNING

Tuesday, Sept. 1.

Academy 102 Wilton Ave.

33 - DANCING 33

Massassaga Park Hotel

This delightful summer retreat has a few pleasant rooms vacant.

BASS AND MASKINONGE FISHING

better than it ever has been. Large catches are exhibited at the park hotel every evening. Those wishing rooms communicate at once.

Boats and Bait at Reasonable Rates

Hotel rates—$5 to $7 per week; per day, $1.50.

Apply to— GEO. S. STERLING, Belleville.

Another Lie Nailed.

F. Parmenter Fyne, '91—This talk about college graduates not being able to cope with the stern realities of life is all bosh. Why, two of our men are street car conductors, one is a waiter in a restaurant, and one is a letter carrier, and I could name lots of other cases, too.

Latest From the Summer Resort.

Guest—What! Going to leave us, Dominie? No trouble, I hope.

Indignant Divine—There is, sir; I baptized the landlord's baby with a bottle of water from the river Jordan, yesterday, and he charged me for corkage!

The Cricket on the Hearth.

"It reminds me," she said sweetly, "of married life. First, the play, the ball, the long 'hop,' the drive for two, and the match; then the long partnership, the attack and defence, the score, the hits, and the cuts; then the man going out, the last ball, 'just a little too late;' then the break, the separation, and all is over."

McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET

6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

STOCK-TAKING SALE

A GENERAL upheaval of stock in all departments is noticeable in this busy store just now from basement to roof, the stock is being measured and counted, and wherever a line appears that should not be here we put a red pencil mark on that will cause a speedy exit. To ladies who have a large family of girls this sale offers a splendid opportunity to buy odd lengths of excellent materials at less than the cost of manufacture. Enormous purchases are daily arriving of Fall purchases, and as we shall be at our wits end for room, it may be taken for granted that there will be no question of profit entering our minds on the goods we want to clear.

OUR LUNCH ROOM

A lady reader of SATURDAY NIGHT who had been to our lunch room for the first time asked us why we did not give it more publicity; we really thought most people knew of it now. We keep only the best there is, and with tea and coffee at 3c. a cup and other refreshments proportionately cheap we are always busy in this department of our work.

MUSIC

Two thousand seven hundred different pieces of first-class music, the best and latest productions, both vocal and instrumental, for 5c. a copy. Get a catalogue.

McKENDRY'S

202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen

GANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.

100 & 102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

A Form of Petty Swindling.

Mr. A. Frank Richardson, a thoroughly practical and experienced newspaper man, and probably the most successful advertising solicitor in the United States, in his address before the recent editorial convention at St. Paul, called attention to the prevalence of a system of petty swindling, which strikes directly and with tremendous effect at the business interests of every newspaper in this country, says the Minneapolis *Times*. He referred to the universal practice of local dealers, and especially of druggists, in selling cheap counterfeits of standard and widely advertised preparations. This dishonest practice obtains especially with respect to the sale of proprietary medicines. Many of these preparations possess great merit, by reason of which and the vast sums of money expended by their manufacturers in proclaiming their virtues, they have become immensely popular. At the same time the dealer has another similar preparation compounded by himself or by some so-called "nonsecret patent medicine" concern, bearing a similar name, upon which he makes a large profit and sells at a lower price, and which he palms off on the unsuspecting purchaser as equal, if not superior, to the standard article.

It is a most dishonest practice. It is not only a positive fraud upon his customers and a direct robbery of the manufacturers whose enormous expenditure of money in advertising the genuine article has caused the demand which makes the sale of his worthless imitation possible, but it works an incalculable injury to every publisher in the land. To such a magnitude has this species of swindling grown that the legitimate manufacturers of standard proprietary remedies are beginning to curtail their expenditures for advertising. They realize that the dealers in the counterfeit goods are reaping the lion's share of the profits of their liberal patronage of the press of the country. The more money they expend for printer's ink, the more the counterfeiters of these goods fatten and flourish. Within the past few weeks one of the manufacturers of an English preparation, who has been expending an average of $300,000 a year in advertising his article in this country, cabled his agents at New York city to discontinue all advertisements and make no more contracts for the present. Let a dozen manufacturers of these proprietary preparations follow his example and the loss to the publishers of the United States will aggregate many millions of dollars a year. And that is precisely the result that may be looked for. The newspapers have it in their power to avert it. By vigorous and concerted action they can break up this contemptible system of swindling. Let them warn the people against it and arouse a righteous public sentiment against a practice that is a fraud upon the people, the honest manufacturer and the hard-working publisher alike.

Force of Habit.

Mrs. Commuter.—John! John! Wake up; here comes the train!

Mr. Commuter (half awake)—Great Scott, Martha, I wish you would call me earlier! I miss that infernal train nearly every morning, lately.—*Puck.*

A Selfish Man.

Scene—A pleasant drawing-room. Gertie, seated in a cozy arm-chair. Cecil, in devoted attitude, on ottoman near her.

Gertie—But do you love me unselfishly, just for myself alone—my soul, my spirit?

Cecil (to the ceiling)—Oh, she asks me this after my long worship—my utter—

Gertie—Ah, man's love is nearly always selfish. It is so different from a woman's sacrificing, enduring affection.

Cecil—Only let me prove to you in some way how dearly, how sincerely I love——

Gertie (suddenly decisive)—I will. Cecil, I consent to marry you——

Cecil (breathlessly)—Oh, Ger——

Gertie—Yes, gladly, delightedly—for I am very fond of you—on one condition. You know how I love music!

Cecil (faintly)—Ye-es.

Gertie—That you will send me abroad for three years to study—to perfect my voice.

Cecil (bewildered)—Send you!

Gertie—It has been my dream—my ambition. I know I have a voice, and Cecil, you know that I have.

Cecil (with deep feeling)—Indeed I do.

Gertie—I have no right to ignore this gift. It is my duty to cultivate it, and if I should become a famous prima donna, Cecil, think how you would feel.

Cecil (forlornly)—I can just imagine it, dear.

Gertie—But I should need three years of earnest study. This is the middle of July. I could be ready to start by the first of August.

Cecil (grasping the situation)—Then you mean that I shall marry you and send you abroad for three years alone?

Gertie—Or come with me, if you like. (Magnanimously.) I am perfectly willing you should come with me.

Cecil—My dear girl! Leave my business for three years! I could not leave it for three months, much less——

Gertie (with gracious concession)—Well, I would come over every year or so to see you.

Cecil—Every year or so! But, Gertie, darling, I should like to have my wife beside me in my house—not at the other side of the world.

Gertie (sadly)—How selfish—how very, very like a man!

Cecil (calmly)—It is—rather.

Gertie—And knowing my aspirations, would you let me sacrifice this dear dream of my heart, just to be with you, to make you happy? And you call that love? That poor, grasping selfishness, love?

Cecil (reasoningly)—Wouldn't it strike you, Gertie, that you—or—ah—might seem—a little bit—selfish—too?

Gertie (in amazement)—I, selfish! I!

Cecil (humbly)—Well, you certainly—appear to have your own way. But, now, dear (as if a sudden thought had flashed on him), let us look at this matter rationally—let us examine it just as it is. Ahem! You have made me an offer of marriage.

Gertie (gasping)—Oh, what a fri-i-ghtful thing to say!

Cecil—I mean you have proposed to me——

Gertie—Proposed to you?

Cecil—But, you have surrounded your proposal with conditions that make it simply impossible for me to accept. I realize, of course, that you have bestowed on me the highest honor a woman can bestow on a man——

Gertie—Cecil! Mr. Clingon!

Cecil (entreatingly)—I beg you will not urge me. The circumstances that compel me to refuse to be your husband need not wholly estrange us. Think of me as a broth——

Gertie—(rising indignantly)—Sir, this is an insult! How dare you!

Cecil (aside)—I really don't know, except that I have tried every other method. (To Gertie, gently, and looking at her with a compassionate gaze.) Because I must, because it would be cruel to allow you to hope. (Aside). I wonder if she recognizes her own words! She's said them often enough. (To Gertie). I shall always remember you most kindly, and I will pray that you may yet find a love more worthy of your true and noble heart. (Aside). That, I think, was rather neatly done; but I mustn't spin it out. (To Gertie). Good-bye, Miss Holdoff. It is useless to prolong this painful interview. Good-bye—good-bye! (Exit Cecil, hurriedly.)

Gertie (flinging herself on couch and sobbing wildly)—Oh, how horrible of him to say that I made him an of—of—offer! But I did, and he—can tell people! Oh, he wouldn't do that! But he can! And to believe that I'd go abroad—and leave—him! I wouldn't go if I was beaten there. But they'll believe anything! and he'll never come again—and I can't—can't tell him. Oh, he has no sense—they never have. But he does know that I love him. He does—the outrageous thing! The miserable, hateful—— Oh, you poor, splendid fellow! I never did deserve you!

Clipping from the New York *Daily Register*, October 2, 1890:

HOLDOFF—CLINGON—Married at the parsonage, by the Rev. De Rivett Stacey, Miss Gertrude Holdoff to Mr. Cecil Clingon, all of this city.

—*Madeline S. Bridges in Puck.*

A Time for Everything.

"George," she said, "before we were married you were always giving me presents. Why don't you ever bring me anything now?"

"My dear," replied George, "did you ever hear of a fisherman giving bait to a fish he had caught?" Then the kettle boiled over.

On the Anxious Bench.

First minister—Is your congregation going to raise your salary this coming year?

Second minister—Well, I don't know; they haven't finished raising my last year's salary yet.

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Births.

BELL—At Toronto, on August 8, Mrs. George Bell—a son.

DEAN—At Toronto, on August 8, Mrs. W. A. Dean—a daughter.

DAVIDSON—At Leipsic, Saxony, on July 26, Mrs Frederic Davidson—a son.

FAIRBANKS—At Cobourg, on August 9, Mrs. C. S. B. Fairbanks—a son.

GOODERHAM—At Toronto, on August 9, Mrs. A. E Gooderham—a son.

HANSON—At Toronto, on August 10, Mrs. George F. Hanson—a son.

SIMPSON—At Toronto, on August 9, Mrs. William Simpson—a son.

CLARKE—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. W. J. Clarke—a daughter.

DAVIES—At Toronto, on August 7, Mrs. William Davies—a daughter.

ELLIOTT—At Weston, on August 5, Mrs. T. E. Elliott—a daughter.

FORD—At Toronto, on July 31, Mrs. John A. Ford—a daughter.

ADDISON—At Toronto, on August 9, Mrs. Wm. Addison—a son.

LISHMAN—At Toronto, on August 2, Mrs. W. C. J. Lishman—a daughter.

MELDRUM—At Toronto, on August 3, Mrs. G. N. Meldrum—a daughter.

MONK—At Toronto, on July 30, Mrs. J. Monk—a son.

WICKETT—At Toronto, on August 9, Mrs. Louis Wickett—a daughter.

LUKE—At Toronto, on July 30, Mrs. W. H. Luke—a daughter.

BUTLER—At Deer Park, on July 30, Mrs. E. W. D. Butler—a son.

PARK—At Toronto, on August 7, Mrs. H. S. Park—a daughter.

Marriages.

WARDLAW—LUNDY—At Hill Crest, Preston, on Aug. 5, by the Rev. John Porteous, Doris E., youngest daughter of J. H. Lundy, M.D., to James S. Wardlaw of Galt.

ARDAGH—THOMSON—At Orillia, on August 5, Arthur Ardagh, M.D., to Bessie Ardagh Thomson.

BOULTBEE—LANG—At Kinmount, Ont., on August 4, George H. Boultbee, M.D., of Stirling, to Emma Lang.

CARLAW—BOGART—At Campbellford, on August 5, Dr. G. H. Carlaw to Jessie Bogart.

DOAN—GREEN—At Toronto, on August 5, A. K. Doan to Ella Green.

FURSET—BEALE—At Toronto, on August 5, Frank J. Furset to Susie Beale.

SYKES—CLARK—At Toronto, on August 5, John W. H. Sizmith to Lydia M. Clark.

FOULKES—STRACHAN—At Toronto, on August 4, Edward G. E. Foulkes to Agnes Strachan.

KENNEDY—ROWE—At Port Hope, on August 5, Lucy Hamilton Rowe to F. W. Kennedy.

McAULIFFE—LA MARCHE—At Burlington, on August 4, J. J. McAuliffe to Minnie E. La Marche.

BRADY—YOUNG—At Toronto, on August 5, Thomas W. Brady to Elizabeth A. Young.

COOCH—ACHESON—At Toronto, on August 10, Ernest Edward Cooch to Christina Lydia Acheson.

HUTCHISON—KILLEE—At Waterdon, on August 5, George H. Hutchinson to Elizabeth Killer.

COCKSHUTT—ASHTON—At Brantford, on August 8, William Foster Cockshutt to Minnie Turner Ashton.

WILSON—BAILLIE—At Toronto, on July 12, Wm H. Wilson to Emma C. Baillie.

Deaths.

BLACK—At Detroit, on August 5, Kate, beloved wife of Judson H Black.

FARNWORTH—At Toronto, William Henry Atherton Farnworth.

GARDINER—At Eglington, on August 8, Norah Louise Gardiner.

JAMIESON—At Toronto, on August 9, David Jamieson.

McMURRICH—At Toronto, on August 7, Janet McMurrich, in her 76th year.

McKNIGHT—At Toronto, the youngest daughter of Jas and Margaret McKnight, aged 7 years.

SUTHERLAND—At Toronto, on August 9, Maria Priscilla Sutherland, aged 20 years.

REDICAN—At Toronto, on August 9, Frank J. Redican, aged 11 years.

RITCHIE—At International Bridge, on August 7, Charles G. Ritchie, aged 46 years.

WESTON—At Balfourtown, on August 8, Charles Cecil Weston, aged 2 years.

ANGUS—At Agincourt, C.P.R., on August 9, James Russell Angus, aged 3 months.

COOKE—At Hamilton, on August 9, William S. Cooke, aged 78 years.

HENDERSON—At Toronto, on August 10, James Sinclair Henderson, aged 47 years.

LUARD—At Eastbourne, Eng., on July 24, Lieutenant-General Richard George (Amherst) Luard, C.B., aged 63 years.

MILLER—At Toronto, on August 8, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, aged 77 years.

DURRITT—At Toronto, on August 10, Oliver G. Durritt, aged 81 years.

JOHNSTON—At Toronto, James H. Johnston, M.A., aged 66 years.

MORROW—On August 10, Richard Morrow, aged 90 years.

THOMSON—At Toronto, on August 10, Roy McDougall Thomson, aged 7 months.

PROCTOR—At Brighton, J. Herbert A. Proctor, aged 22 years.

CLIFF—At Byng Inlet North, on July 29, Cabel George Cliff.

MARLOW—At Toronto, on August 7, Mrs. Elizabeth Marlow, aged 42 years.

SMITH—At Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Smith, aged 88 years.

WHITE—At Toronto, on August 6, Georgina White.

WHELAN—At Toronto, on August 6, John Whelan, aged 49 years.

LONG—At Toronto, on August 8, Lucy Jane Long, aged 15 months.

SMITH—At Roseburg, Oregon, on July 22, Osgoode V. Smith, aged 9 years.

SPALDING—At Tilsonburg, on August 10, Mrs. C. D. Spalding.

BATTISBY—At Cantham, on August 10, Mrs. Eliza Battisby, aged 35 years.

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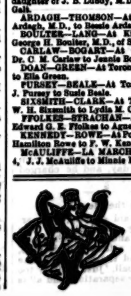

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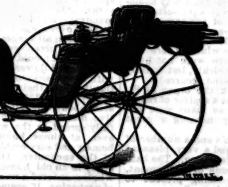

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